Box 247,
Carmel, Calif.

Carmel Pine Cone

VOL. XIII, No. 16 CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1927. 5c PER COPY

Shades Of Isaak Walton! They've All Got The Fever

The latest epidemic in the village by-the-sea has the strangest itching symptoms that there could ever be. Why, it's got John Turner squirming to the point where he's not fit to land a wealthy buyer, and our Ernie's eyes are lit with burning fires of frenzy that would set a sea aflame, and Belvail, the 'lectrician, has developed a queer pain that's dulling his ambitions, and he says he needs a rest; that the shocks he'd had have stricken him with a current kind of pest. Talk about the measles, influenza and the mumps, why say, they are not in it, this new sickness brings out grumps that would sour the sweetest natures. Take young Busey just for one—his "vibrations" never fail to start the jester at his fun, but since he's got to itching with this new peculiar germ he goes about as solemn-like as a convict serving term. I should think the town physicians would take measures to prevent it spreading to the youngsters, only yesterday I went to see a family whose young son has taken to queer ways of swinging his right arm in air and murmuring in a daze—"Guarapatos, Tassajara, Garcias, San Clementi." His Ma can't diagnose it, doesn't know what it can be; says that Pa has caught the symptoms and that every night of late, in his sleep, he cries "DeGarmo fly" and "Pass me up some bait."

One thing about this illness that keeps me guessing so is the fact that it's a male affair and only few girls show signs of its affliction, but say, no one is immune; old age and youth can catch it, when they do they're like a loon with heebie-jeebies up their spines, they babble on like brooks about their tackle and their line and salmon bait and hooks. So, if early Monday morning your head begins to reel don't call in your physician, get out tackle, rod and creel for this new-fangled fever is naught but anglers thirst—the remedy? Go fish for trout, beginning May the first!

Abalone League Busy Again

On the new grass-green field in Carmel Woods, the Abalone League, split in two sections, American and National, so that all may have a chance to swat and run and reduce their waist-lines, began last Sunday the second part of the play for 1927. All day, with perfect weather, teams struggled to gain the advantage of a winning start.

The results of the day's games were as follows:

Robins 10, White Sox 9; Pirates 13, Rangers 5; Reds 13, Shamrocks 3; Crescents 8, Giants 4; Tigers 7, Eskimos 4.

American League

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Robins	1	0	.1000
Pirates	1	0	.1000
Rangers	0	1	.000
White Sox	0	1	.000

National League

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Reds	1	0	.1000
Crescents	1	0	.1000
Tigers	1	0	.1000
Giants	0	1	.000
Shamrocks	0	1	.000
Eskimos	0	1	.000

Mary Had A Little Lam At Current Happenings

As I was crossing the street (which is not an unusual for I do it at least a dozen times) a few afternoons ago, I was nearly hit by an automobile, looking around ready to swear at the driver, when the words stuck in my throat, for the car was a beautiful light-brown Chrystler six cylinder Coupe, just new and shone in the sunlight until I was forced to put on my glasses. But, wait a minute the shock is yet to come, the machine was driven by David Prince accompanyed by his father Mr. Paul Prince, who was looking very stern and I know was very thankful there was not a speedcop at hand, for fines are a terrible nuisance, especially when one has just purchased a new car, and I think Dave was going a little fast.

Just a dash of the pen and the deal is closed. As was done last week with W. H. Askew's property on Fifth and San Carlos and the lucky owners are Winsor and Talbert Josselyn. We tried hard to get the price, but never a peep from either party.

The property was purchased some eight years ago by Mr. Askew from Mrs. Mary Dunmage who was making the deal for the Odd Fellows Lodge.

No more playing ball or swinging in the swing, and even the chickens have to find another place to do their scratching.

Ah, now for a day at the Big Sur or not even so far—the river will do. No more dodging the game warden's and thinking all the time of a fine that we will probably have to pay if caught.

The trout season opens Sunday, May first. Hooray, for our side.

When passing by Curtis's Monday morning I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Curtis looking as if someone had died, so thinking I would get some news, I rushed up to them wanting to know the trouble, and found out that one of the girls that make our ice-cream sodas, had got married that morning. That was grief I must say.

Now on with the story, Harriett Elliot, the pretty little Scottish maiden, that always meets one with a smile, and Anton Vitkivick of Austria were married in Salinas Monday morning by T. P. Joy. Monday night twenty-two relatives and friends prepared a huge four course

(Continued on Page 16)

Amended Sanitary District Measure Seems To Have Few Friends Here

Prepared By Capt. W. L. Tower, President of Trustees

The fate of the Sanitary District Law, fathered by Senator C. C. Baker at the instance of Capt. W. L. Tower, president of Carmel's Board of Sanitary Trustees—Senate Bill No. 858—is still in doubt, although it may be settled, one way or another, before the Pine Cone gets into the hands of the subscribers.

As amended, the bill still has few active advocates here. If Captain Tower left anyone in charge of the local situation as respects the measure when he went to Sacramento, that person has failed to make good. The bill's enemies in Carmel have flooded Senator Baker and the Committee of the Senate with telegrams and letters. As Capt. Tower himself says, he has been "completely discredited locally." In a letter that he has allowed to be given to the press, he writes:

"It is now up to you people in Carmel!

"As Senate Bill No. 858 now stands it is substantially as drawn for local needs, provided it is desired to take care of sanitary matters as a district matter, by a district essentially organized as a business concern.

"Senate Bill 858, as amended, is my original bill and one that I stand by. As introduced, it was mine plus other interests. Opposition and careful manipulation restored the bill to its original status.

"I'm the goat! To judge by wires and letters, I stand discredited locally; from which I deduce the conclusion—not at all an unwelcome one—that it's going to be very easy for me to 'get from under' any future local public responsibilities.

"You must realize the difficulty of passing a local measure through the Legislature; all the conflicting interests involved in any measure of statewide scope. At the start, I adopted the tactics of letting other interests 'write in' as desired—but as 'write in' alone. In Washington I've found that it is much easier to amend out of a bill, than into a bill—so I let everything wanted go in.

"I anticipated and had foreknowledge of opposition in the House which I hoped to be able to use. The opposition, and combinations, and recombinations resulted in practically the original draft as desired for local purposes; which was what I stood for, although nominally responsible for the entire act.

"I'm dead tired, and desperately short on sleep, so that the apparently complete discrediting of me locally appears most welcome; a chance to rest and garden again.

"The community has had one complete year of my time; you have the temporary disposal system, the preliminary data of future and more permanent form of disposal; and within your grasp, an act capable of providing for any sanitary activities the community may need or desire.

"It is now up to you to decide whether you will grasp and use that which is available. I can do no more for you until you have made your decisions. Your own city attorney can give you all the legal information as to the bill as amended, as he checked the essential legal points of it."

PLAN IMPROVEMENTS IN ALL SAINTS PARISH

With a meeting last Tuesday afternoon of the Parishioners of All Saints church, and a special meeting of the Vestry in the evening, plans are underway for the drive for funds for the erection of a Sunday school and Parish house accommodations on the church property on Monte Verde street near Ocean avenue. A midsummer bazaar has been decided upon, and working committees appointed to organize and conduct it.

The Vestry at their meeting gave consideration to the need of the Parish for additional buildings and equipment to provide accommodation for church services, the Ladies' Guild and other church activities. To this end, they have a plan that will at the same time provide additional seating capacity for church services. They have a plan and estimate of cost and after consideration of this will call together the members, and others interested, to hear the proposal and decide how far it may be possible to carry out the plan, and by what means raise the necessary funds. A substantial start has been made through the generosity of the congregation in contributions to the Easter Offertory, which has been designated for the Building Fund, and a special appeal is being made for general contributions to bring to a successful conclusion this plan which has as its primary motive the welfare of the young people and children of Carmel.

THEY GET AWAY WITH IT OIL RIGHT

"More power to you." That's the only sentence we can pass on the sneak thieves who stole behind Kays one dark night last week and stole thirty gallons of newly installed kerosene out of the vacuum tank reservoir. A few days prior to this a 100-gallon tank of gasoline was stolen from the workmen's camp on the county road beyond Hatton Fields. It looks like pretty oily business to us.

Buttons, Buttons, Who's Got The Buttons

Buttons of the kind which tells the automobilist just how to make a wide, generous turn at a corner, started an argument at Monday night's meeting of the Trustees. Too much buttons, too much "Verboten," said Trustee Foster, and too much of an inclination to ape the big city. And he laughed a big scornful laugh at the idea of "Stop" buttons anywhere in Carmel. So, too, he greeted the motion of Trustee Dennis for an appropriation to buy paint to print lines and "No Parking" signs on the concrete streets.

Trustee Wood favored a plan of buttons that he carried in his morocco-bound note book. He wanted three buttons at some corners, around which a car could navigate without any other compass. He would plant "Stop" buttons here and there, where they would do the most good. As to painting the streets, he preferred painting the curbs, but that was a minor detail.

Then, unfortunately, a taxpayer outside the rail offered the shy suggestion that as the numerous signs already displaying speed limit and "No Parking" warnings were unproductive of results, more signs might be as ineffective; and the Board of Trustees promptly passed both Wood's plan for buttons and Dennis' motion for paint.

There were also symptoms of incomplete harmony among Board members when the Fire Ordinance was under consideration, and it was Trustee Foster again who opposed "big city" ways in little Carmel. He didn't favor the idea of having fire inspectors tell the town residents when and how they must clean up the dead leaves and pine needles on their premises. The "Verboten" idea was still rankling in Foster's mind, evidently. Restrictions of the liberties of the residents within its borders were coming on him too fast, and he was but one lone trustee in the progressive Council. Only the timid taxpayer, now quite subdued, sitting Paraiah-like outside the rail, sympathized with him.

A Park and Playground Commission was Trustee Wood's next surprise. "Why?" asked Trustee Foster. To look after the flowers on Ocean avenue; to clean up the picnic tin cans and luncheon papers on the sand dunes; perhaps to supervise the cutting of trees, or to plant them. All these needs for a Park and Playground Commission were suggested, and it should have seven members, one to be the Mayor, one to be a Trustee and five to be citizens of Carmel.

Twice during these controversial periods had Judge Alfred P. Fraser raised his voice to ask for a City Jail, but without result. Jails were evidently not on the evening's program or in Trustee Wood's little book. Other things were done, however.

City Attorney Argyll Campbell reported that the city had lost the decision in its suit for a right of way through the Junipero street extension, the offer of dedication having been withdrawn before acceptance by the city.

Coming to the matter of a new

truck for the street department, the trustees listened to comprehensive data submitted by Superintendent of Streets A. P. Fraser, relative to a two-and-one-half ton truck with four-yard body and then concluded that a one-and-one-half ton truck would suffice, but deferred action until next Monday.

Robert A. Norton and Chris Marcuson received permission to cut down trees that obstructed their garage entrances but permission was denied Walter A. Trinkler to trim trees on his property. It was reported that further trimming, in the latter case, would be tantamount to complete extermination.

It was reported also, that the water and electric companies had refused to pay a municipal license fee and City Attorney Campbell stated that a case now pending before the state supreme court would decide whether their refusal was justified or not.

James Frank Mondell of Pacific Grove applied for the position of traffic officer. His application was placed on file.

Trustee Wood's plan for the installation of traffic buttons at busy corners was finally adopted, as was that of Trustee Dennis for painting a "no parking" sign extending ten feet from the corners along Ocean avenue.

Justice of the Peace Fraser strongly urged the need of a city jail, to obviate the further necessity of arousing him at all hours to accept bail money, but his plan failed to stimulate action by the trustees.

Robert A. Norton received permission to erect a wooden sign in front of the Frederick Rummele building.

Trustee Wood urged the appointment of a commission on parks and playgrounds, to clean up the sand dunes and take care of the flowers in the parkways, together with any other duties that may develop. Despite an apparent lack of interest on the part of some of the others, the idea was adopted to the extent of ordering an ordinance prepared.

At the instance of the Christian Science society, represented by Paul J. Denny, Monte Verde street will be widened to the sidewalk line, and the sidewalk level will be altered to conform, from the north corner of the W. E. Blauer property, between Fifth and Sixth streets, to Ocean avenue. The cost will be entirely borne by those seeking the improvement, Denny said.

Trustee Wood proposed condemnation of property enough to create an alley between Dolores and Lincoln streets, starting at Seventh and extending toward Ocean, turning off to Lincoln at the rear of the buildings fronting on Ocean. The principal reason assigned was to facilitate fire-fighting. No action was taken.

Adjournment was taken until Wednesday, when it is expected that something will be done about the matter of a new library.

TREASURE HUNTERS IN RIOTOUS SPORT

Last Monday night's treasure hunters may not be staunch poetry readers but at least we are convinced that they believe in rhyme. Frank Murphy and Billy Hudson ought to if they don't. Out of forty faithful treasure seekers they proved their brilliance and mastery of brain by solving down to the last line the rhyming clues that led them from beach to ball field, where, at last, they earned a coveted victory.

It was a great night for the treasure hunters, full of tragic fun and riotous competition. Except for Peggy Palmer's Buick attempting without any success to climb a stalwart pine there were no fatalities although there was much gasoline consumed and a few balloon tires scraped thin.

PICNIC LUNCH OF WOMAN'S CLUB

The Carmel Woman's club will hold their next meeting on Monday, May 2, at 12 o'clock at the home of Mrs. H. S. Nye, Eleventh and Dolores.

Members of the Garden Group are acting as hostesses of the meeting and are asking that everyone attending bring a basket lunch, cup and spoon and that they notify Mrs. Nye by tomorrow if they intend to come.

MEAT MARKET NOW A LEIDIG ANNEX

Lawrence Leidig is again enlarging his business interests on the Avenue by converting his grocery store annex into an Open Air Meat Market. The remodelling of this section of the store is now under way and plans for its opening are set for Thursday, May 5th.

H. A. Jackson, who came here with his family from Missouri, five months ago and who has been in the meat business since he was a lad, will be in charge of the market, the policies of which will be to handle only the highest grade of fresh and cured meats offered to the public at the very lowest prices. There will also be a delicatessen department in addition to the meat market and the entire business will be run on a cash basis.

WILL TEACH WOMEN SCOUT LEADERSHIP

If there is anyone who has doubts as to the meaning and purpose of Scouting for Girls, he or she should have attended the meeting Saturday afternoon, April 23rd, at the Girl Scout Little House where Miss Alice Phillipson, Regional Director of Girl Scouts for Palo Alto, gave a talk that thrilled and interested her hearers.

Miss Phillipson spoke of what Scouting is intended to be, what its ideals are, and how they can be attained. She demonstrated that scouting is the fulfillment of every little girl's instinct to join a club. It furnishes a flexible plan whereby the right kind of activity is assured under stimulating supervision which is never irksome since the government of the scouts rests in the hands of the girls themselves.

The proof that Scouting fills a need is the fact that troops can readily be formed everywhere in overflowing numbers. The help that it requires is the furnishing of leaders for the girls. This business of being a Girl Scout Captain is so fascinating that once caught by its enthusiasm only the most pressing obligations can persuade leaders to give it up. What holds many young and older women back in offering their services is a feeling of helplessness in beginning.

To meet this need, the Carmel Council of Girl Scouts has made arrangements to have Miss Phillipson come to Carmel for a course of instruction in Scout leadership. Anyone who is interested in seeing just what Scouting is, who wishes to know the methods employed, anyone who feels that she may either now or at some later date like to lead a troop, or who just for the fun of it would like to try it, is welcome to take the course. There is no obligation in any way, either financial or in active service.

Owing to the fact that Miss Phillipson is engaged in Palo Alto during the week, she can come to Carmel only at week ends, and because several of the young women who wish to take the course are busy all day, it has seemed that the only available time is Sunday morning from 9 to 11, ending in time for church. Miss Phillipson will be here on Sunday, May 7th, and on May 21st and June 4th. The classes will be held at the Girl Scout Little House. This course will furnish six hours of instruction, a requisite for leadership, and is the work that is offered at Stanford University. It cannot be too highly recommended as a stimulus in finding something worth while to do. Anyone who is interested may leave her name with Miss Margaret Burpee at the Carmel Realty company.

Harrison Memorial Library Will Soon Be Actuality

The Board of Trustees of the Harrison Memorial Library, George L. Wood, chairman, met Wednesday evening and passed the final plans and specifications for the library building to the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, with the request to that body that it accept same and proceed with the building of the structure.

As the Library Trustees and the city's board are, member for member, identical, and as all were present and agreed, there will be no delay in action. Carmel's trustees meet next Monday night, and the Resolution of Intention will be passed then. Building should be begun within thirty days.

The plans are drawn by Architect Maybeck of San Francisco, with the assistance of M. J. Murphy of Carmel. In a general way, the type of the structure is Spanish, but it is distinctive in originality, and conforms to no set ideas of style. It is, primarily, a library building, and observes the necessities of housing books, giving shelf and rack space, and with properly lighted reading rooms. Yet it has been made a handsome building in conformity with the Carmel spirit of artistry.

The three lots on Ocean avenue at the northeast corner of Lincoln street, left the city by Mrs. Harrison, will be the site of the library building, which is a memorial to Judge Ralph W. Harrison, formerly of California's Supreme Court.

LOCALS WIN TOURNEY AT BARNYARD GOLF

A team of quoit tossers from Pacific Grove, which included such well known horseshoe enthusiasts as Ira Redfern, Fred Bailey and Harold Whitney, came over the hill last Saturday to meet a decisive defeat at the hands of Carmel's Barn Yard Golfists.

Both in the Fifty Shoe Contest, and the individual contests, the results were in favor of the local tossers. Six out of the nine games were won by Carmel, and her lead in the Fifty Shoe test of skill was 31 points.

The local players were Nixon, Ammerman, Casati, Tarr, Dawson and Narvaez. Dr. J. E. Beck, manager, will take the team over to the Grove on Saturday, May 7, to give the chance to the conquered of revenge.

Deed: Catherine Elizabeth Orkney to Elsie Hammond, April 20, love and affn., lots 8 and 9, and pt. of 10, blk A3, Add No. 6 Carmel.

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Shall We Have A Kindergarten

By Clara N. Kellogg
Clerk of Sunset School District

A petition for the establishment of a kindergarten in the Sunset School has been circulated in Carmel and presented to the board of school trustees signed by the parents of more than twenty-five children between the ages of four and one-half and six, residing within one miles of the scohol house. According to the state law, this is the proper procedure and it will be the duty of the trustees to open a kindergarten at the beginning of the next school year and to arrange for a special tax to support it, provided the petition stands in its present form. It appears, however, that many of the signers did not know that any tax was involved and some of them would like to withdraw their names. Under these conditions, the trustees hesitate to proceed in the matter without making the situation clear and giving an opportunity for those who so desire to withdraw their signatures and for other parents to add theirs.

This is the situation. Kindergartens, unlike the regular grades, do not receive any state or county aid, but must be supported entirely from local funds. The law provides for the levying of a special tax in the school district for this purpose, limited to 15 cents on the hundred dollars. In this district, allowing for equipment in the first year, a tax of seven or eight cents will probably be necessary. It so happens that a 15 cent building tax and a 30 cent maintenance tax will be needed this year to build a new room and maintain the school. This makes 45 cents for the regular school as compared with 41 cents last year. With seven or eight cents for a kindergarten, the whole tax for the Sunset School will be eleven or twelve cents larger than last year. This is not a serious addition, but the trustees wish to be sure that the public wants the kindergarten enough to pay for it before going forward with the necessary ararngements.

Signatures may be withdrawn by sending a note to the clerk and new names may be added in the same manner. In the latter case, the name and exact birthday of the child for whom the parent signs should be given. After desired changes are made in the list, if there are still twenty-five names signed, the kindergarten will be established; if the number falls below twenty-five, it will not be introduced this year. Prompt action by those interested will enable the trustees to carry out the will of the public.

Judgment: H. H. Ellis vs. Steve Maslach, Aug. 11, 1923, $22.80.

Deed: Wilma Bartlett Kropf to 1, blk. 24, Hatton Fields Tract No.

Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Josselyn

"April and United States has always meant war," remarked old Al in the tiny barber shop as he put down a picture paper with anniversary scenes in it. "Not every year of course, but durned near every war. And it reminds me of a story my nephew told me about this here last one—the Big One."

The white-coated barber looked at Al over his newspaper and gave full attention. Carmel had sent many boys to that war, and among the first of them overseas was Al's nephew.

"It was about a boy who died in the hospital at the front where my nephew was workin' in an operating room day and night," went on the elderly narrator. "Boy asked the nephew to write home for him and tell the folks—they was railroad Italians in middle Pennsylvania—why he wasn't sendin' 'em letters. Said it was because he was on night shift and didn't have time. Didn't want 'em to know he was wounded because they would worry; hadn't wanted him to go to war because he was only seventeen, so he'd run off to get into it. Mother wasn't well, either. So the nephew wrote as he wanted it. And wrote another. But the third letter was sort of different. The boy had gone on permanent night shift by that time, poor kid, and the nephew had a tough time with the letter tellin' of how he'd died quiet, and about his souvenirs and such like."

Al shook slow head, and his eyes were seeing far things.

"Of course, he hadn't died quiet, and maybe his souvenirs never got beyond the front door. But some things don't do no good to tell about.

"Well, when the nephew gets back to the United States, he felt that this here boy was sort of with him and that he'd have to take him back to his folks in that little railroad town. So he wrote that he was comin' to see 'em, but he never expected the welcome he got. Broke him up for a week.

"Soon as he got off the train and asked for the boy's father, a little red-faced man in overalls comes up and takes him by the arm and walks him up to the family home, where about twelve people lived in three rooms and a coal shed. On the way the neighbors peeked out from behind curtains, or around doors and sort of talked among themselves. And then they got inside the house and there, in the one big room, was all the family dressed like a holiday and silent as dumb people. But their eyes was awful watchful and bright."

Al coughed and took out his pipe. He winked a few times and stuffed the pipe and lit it.

"Nephew was introduced, and his overseas uniform stared at, and he said a few words to the mother alone. She was holdin' her hands wrapped up tight in her apron and just eatin' up the words with her eyes. And she'd have stood that way for an hour if the father hadn't got noisy and sent the crowd runnin' to bring in all that food you could see in the kitchen beyond.

"Without no more time to talk, exceptin' between bites, the nephew was put there at the table with all the best Italian food in all Pennsylvania in front of him and nobody else to eat it. They wouldn't let nobody else sit with him. He was royalty, durn near, in their eyes, and they all stood around the table and watched him and listened to him and it was almost like they could see their boy standin' there beside him too.

"And every minute more neighbors would tiptoe in and listen, because the boy had been the talk of the town, and now he was dead and this here returned soldier had been with him when he died in that there hospital at the front, in northern France near Cantigny where the First Division smacked the Germans for the first time by themselves."

Al took methodical puffs at the calabash pipe and into the sunbeams that crossed the room came a color of aerial blue.

"Later, when the nephew left, the Italian mother came up to him, her face all bright again, and her husband's arm linked in hers, and she kissed this here bashful American soldier and shook his hand and said in broken English, 'I—I knew you would come.' And that was about the only thing needed to knock the nephew out entirely, and like I say, it upset him for a whole week while he was comin' back home.

"Now, there's a strange thing about this I ain't told you of.

"I was tellin' it to Jimmie Hopper one day and he asked me a lot of questions, because he was war correspondent over there and had been with the First Division at Cantigny. Seems like that he was on one end of a stretcher when the first wounded was bein' sent back, and he described a round-headed, blue-eyed Italian boy that just fitted this here boy perfect, wound and all. Wouldn't it be the oddest thing if that there boy was the same one as the other? Jimmie's home again, and I got to see him and talk that over once more. He sure is interestin' to talk to."

With which old Al raised the illustrated paper again, and, after some uncomplimentary remarks about Germans of the war time and pacifists of the present time, saying they were pretty much alike, he resumed study of the glorious and raucous past.

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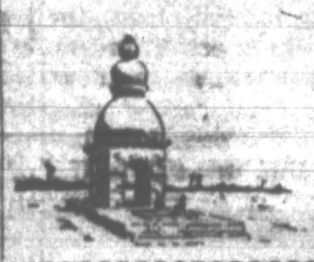

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562 Lighthouse Avenue Pacific Grove, Calif.

Stray Sheets of Manuscript

'Twas the day after Easter and all through the house not a creature was stirring—when along came a—but wait, we are getting ahead of our story.

In a cozy little cottage, out on the Point, live two charming young business women of Carmel, who are also, by the way top-notch housekeepers. (This is a very necessary item to the story). Louise Kellogg, one of the young women, was up earlp on this particular morning browsing about the corners of the bookcase, and though she claims she was dusting the shelves and leather volumes we are prone to believe that she was really hunting for Easter eggs—those she missed the day before. Humming and whistling at her dust "hunt" she was as merry as a honey bee in clover. Peeking behind Dickens, Shakespeare and Browning and even pulling Edna Ferber from her place on the shelf to see what she could find—only dust—no eggs! Suddenly she bethought herself of the drawer in the botom of the bookcase. "Just the place," said she, and with that she squatted upon the floor and pulling open the drawer started furrowing. Out came torn bits of tissue paper — covered with sawdust and little pieces of ravelled string. This baffled the hunting maid—the drawer was always in perfect orders. "Funny," thought she, as she dove deeper itno the great dark depths, "surely Etta has not been here before me!" No, Etta was still in the sweet throes of slumber, but not for long, for Louise hunted on, reaching into the far corner of the drawer and lending a furtive eye to the venture she suddenly let out a shriek of alarm. "ETTA——!" In a moment Etta stood before the prostrate figure (for Louise had collapsed, quite) and inquired in a drowsy voice,

"Did you call me?"

"A mouse, Etta, he jumped out at me—the drawer—I was dutsing—my hand—the corner—fur—squirmy—oh, Etta!"

Thoroughly awakened and quite unperturbed Etta calmly replied "How foolish. Not in this house!" And with the impatience of a conqueror she pulled tre drawer from its hinges and was about to prove its innocence when lo, snuggled in the corner was a nest—empty but quite ready, not for Mrs. Bunny but for Mrs. Mouse. "Louise!" cried Etta crumpling down beside here, "how could this happen in our house!"

HERE LIES THE BODY OF—
By Alice de Nair

There is a miniature amphitheatre, made by a circle of purple bark pines, in the deep, dark forest over the hill where nightly the moon whitens the face of the earth and where, by day, the bronze bed of the woods is overshadowed with a canopy of living jade. It is a still and restful place where the silence is broken only by the trilling notes of a wild bird call or by the chant of the four winds through the silken needles of the trees.

To passers-by it is but a small part of the great woods—they may stand for a moment within the circle of the pines and wonder at nature's artistry—but the place holds no sentiment, no memories for them—it is beautiful, but beyond, over the next knoll they find a spot just as fair and soon, as they travel on, marvelling at new wonders, they have quite forgotten the pine encircled shrine where the sun and shadows meet in prayer.

But there are two to whom this dell of beauty is a sacred place. They come here each day at eventide and while brown birds sing in the tree tops their twilight songs of homing these two harken, in loving silence, to the echoing memories of the place. For this is hallowed ground to the Overstreets. 'Tis here that Kit and Bill have laid to rest their beloved pets. Nine little mounds are faithfully tended.

Beneath yon ancient tree lies Laddy, their hunting dog, once so wont to pry into the secret brushes of the densest woods. And close beside him, where a bush of chaparell blooms in spring, rests Judge, the great white dog whose gentle heart endeared him fondly to the rest, but most lastingly to Calico, the tawny kitten. She mourned him when he went—his great front paws had sheltered her in sleep and when he came no more to their allotted place before the fire she went forth into the big world to seek him. She had never been beyond the edge of the quiet woods and the whirl in the busy streets frightened her dreadfully—she tried to get out of the way, but her poor little brain was so confused and there was so much noise and shouting—next morning tiny, brave Calico lay side by side with her shaggy comrade. Rex, the little round dog with a coat of onyx fur, who loved the sprightly sport of chasing humming birds away from blossoming berry vines, was buried at sunrise, not many summers ago. A wild berry bush shades his little mound. Skinny, the patient, purring mother cat lies with her three little kittens, Kutsie, Jeff and Ted beneath the slender tree up which they used to scamper with such velocity and skill.

Yes, this is hallowed ground to Kit and Bill. The pets they buried here were comrades all, and though mute in life, as they are now in everlasting rest, their faithful hearts did dwell in perfect undertanding and happy commune with those two human hearts who shared with them a friendly home and all the love therein.

NOTICE

The Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, calls for a relief fund for the Mississippi flood situation. The minimum amount being five million dollars, and, in an effort to obtain this amount equally throughout the United States, National Headquarters has assigned quotas of two hundred and fifty dollars to each Chapter.

Every possible effort should be made to secure this figure. Checks are to be made out to the American Red Cross, and left with Paul Prince at the Carmel Development Co., or the Pine Cone office, and the checks will be mailed direct.

Decree of Distribution: Est. Opimia Boronda, dec'd to Harold J. Chavoya Mar 10. Lot 11, Blk 92, S. B. B. Monterey.

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Me and Mencken

By Peggy Palmer

April 23.—Well, this morning my mother had to go up to Newell's to do some markiting, and I was sitting on top of the kichen table wating for Pearl to finish making a choclit cake so I could lick the icing dish, because even a reely inteligent girl is app to have frivilous mominta somtimes.

But I acktuly never saw the icing dish, because just then the door bell rang and after that I became so intreeged that I did not have time to think about trivial things like a choclit cake.

Because when I got to the front door I was confronted by a reely inteligent appeering lady of about forty five yeers old, and she sed her name wos Mrs. Chatfeeld Craig, and she had qwite a large soot case which she wanted to show me.

Then I had to tell Mrs. Craig that I was awfuly sorry, but I wasnt sure wether we are going to go to Pom Beech this summer or not, so of coarse you would hate to spend your father's money bying qwite a large soot case and then not go anywhere at all.

But Mrs. Craig sed she reely wanted me to see was the inside of the soot case, because it was simply full of lovly things straight from the Venis Nitting Mills in Peoria, Illinois.

And as soon as I heard that, I invited Mrs. Craig to come in and sit in my father's best arm chare, because Peoria, Illinois is acktuly my home town and I did not realize they had a big vitel consern there like the Venis Nitting Mills. In fack I always thought Peoria did not have one single redeeming feeture exsept that it was once the berth place of a reely inteligent girl.

So Mrs. Craig and I began to have a long conversashion, but we did not discuss about Peoria, Illinois much, because Mrs. Craig has acktuly never been any farther east than Pocatella, Idaho, and she thinks you can leern qwite a lot more about the werld by travling than you could ever learn by staying at home in Peoria.

Then I told Mrs. Craig how we came out to Carmel on account of some of my father's intimit busness affares, and as soon as she herd about my father being in the holesale grosery busness Mrs. Craig began to look hungry and I went out in the kichen and told Pearl to bring in a cup of tea and a sandwich.

And by the time Pearl came in with a cup of tea, Mrs. Craig was showing me some of the lovly nitted artickles inside of her soot case and Pearl seemed very intreeged so I introdused them. After that Pearl bought a purple petty cote and a yellow budwar jackit and I bought six pares of stockings and a neglijay with lace around the neck, which I pade for with twenty dollers that I fownd in one of my father's pants pockits up in his closit.

Well, Mrs. Craig seemed so pleased that I sed I would be delighted to take her up town and introduse her to some lovly people, like Mrs. Halsted Yates, thats the lady who owns the Game Cock, and I knew Mrs. Yates would be tickled to deth to by some Venis Nitted Artickles beacuse her shop handles reely smart things like that.

But just as we were going out of the front yard we met my mother coming in with a lot of bundtls and I sed, Mama, I want you to meet my deer frend, Mrs. Chatfeeld Craig.

My mother did not seem very enthrawled about meeting Mrs. Craig, in fack she glared and went on in the house, but I found out afterwards it was all on account of what happined while my mother was down at Newells bying groseries. Because she had to wate while Mr. Newell rapped up some cookies for Bobby, thats Bull Durham's dog that does all the markiting for the Durham fambly.

Anyway Mrs. Craig and I went on uptown and the Game Cock was qwite full of customers, but I did not want deer Mrs. Craig to wate so I asked Mrs. Yates if she could spare us a minit to look at some lovly Venis Nitted Artickles.

But Mrs. Yates seemed very anoyed, in fack we desided to go back some other day.

Then we went up to Stellas, thats Mrs. Stella Guichard, and she was not so verry busy and sed she would simply love to look at Mrs. Craigs things. But the minit Mrs. Craig got her soot case opened Mrs. Guichard began to screem and she sed, Thats my underware, thats my underware that was stolen out of my shop last week.

Then Mrs. Guichard fainted and by the time I got thru throwing water at her Mrs. Craig had vanished. And I was qwite disterbed all day until I saw Mr. Englund this afternoon and he sed Mrs. Craig had been called to Mexico very suddenly and I am acktuly sorry because I do not think Mrs. Craig will be able to sell any Venis Nitted Artickles to the Mexikan bandits.

April 27.—Last Sunday afternoon Marty Farwell and I desided to do somthing qwaint, so we went up to Betty Green's stabil and hired a funny looking horse named Lydia and we thought we would hitch a wagin on back of Lydia and go for a long ride up the valley.

And just as we were starting to drive away Mr. and Mrs. Stinson drove up and they were very disterbed because it seemed they wanted to take Lydia to the baseball game and have her for the Abalone Leege mascot.

But Marty and I wanted to keep Lydia because we had been planning all week how we would do somthing qwaint on Sunday afternoon, so we told Mr. Stinson to get another horse and ride over to the baseball game, which they did.

Then Marty and I drove up the valley rode and we reely had a lovly time, because when we got about five miles from home one of the wheels broke in to and we had to clime up and sit on top of Lydia's back. But Lydia did not seem to aprove of that very much, in fack she turned around and started to run home and ever since last Sunday I have enjoyed standing up much better than sitting down on a chare.

But Lydia did not acktuly run all the way home, because when we passed the baseball feeld she became qwite intreeged by all the peeple and wanted to stop and watch it for a wile and Marty and I were reely qwite glad to stop anywhere for a minit even if it had to be in front of a baseball game.

And while we were sitting there Mr. and Mrs. Stinson came up on two of Betty Green's other horses and they rode right out in the middle of the feeld and pretendid to be back stops. And Marty and I were reely anoyed because we did not think about doing somthing qwaint like that when we would acktuly have enjoyed it more than not being able to sit down on a chare for a week.

But just then Mr. Van Riper went over and told Mr. Stinson to get right off the baseball feeld because they were cutting the ground all up and he should think they would be able to reed that sine about No Horses Allowed, by order of the City Trustees.

Then I went over and told Mr. Stinson not to pay any attenshion to Mr. Van Riper because the City Trustees simply think it is a practikal joak to go and put those sines up all over Carmel so a girl has got to stop playing polo.

And anyway a sine natrally does not refer to reely inteligent peeple, for instense Mrs. Stinson is simply adorible and Mr. Stinson looks somthing like an Arrow Collar Add.

And while Mr. Van Riper knows a lot how to play baseball, and I also think he is acktuly an Empire Bilder, I do not consider that he is a very good critick about horses.

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Village News Reel

Members of the Carmel Parent-Teacher association will be hostesses to the Monterey Federation and th teachers of Sunset school at an affair to be held Wednesday afternoon next week. The children of the school will give a program of songs under the direction of Miss Newman, and the event is expected to prove interesting and profitable to all who attend. It has been requested by the management that each person bring a box luncheon. Coffee will be served by the hostesses and the affair will start at 12 o'clock promptly.

Miss Eva Belle Adams and Miss Charlotte Waterman, who have been away for several months visiting, much of the time at Palm Springs, are again at home on Casanova street.

Perry Askam, who took the part of the Prince in "Castles in the Air" which was played in Monterey a few weeks ago, will be in Carmel on Sunday to participate in the Scottish Rite ceremony, to be held at the Golden Bough, to confer the 17th degree on the candidates of the Masonic orden. Paul Clark of San Jose will also be here to conclude the details of the reunion. About fifteen or twenty-five ladies will be in the souvenir list class.

M. M. Murphy is now on a visit to his ranch in Shasta county, and Mrs. Montague, nee Nellie Murphy, is here on a visit to her mother.

Arline Payne has returned to Carmel, where she will take employment in the offices of M. J. Murphy, the builder.

Capt. John E. Pierson of the U. S. Air Forces is a visitor in Carmel, where he is greatly interested in the preservation of the trees on streets and in parks and private grounds. Capt. Pierson is one of the best known tree physicians in the west.

Carmel's well known artist, William P. Silva, returned last week from Charleston, South Carolina, where he acted as chairman of the committee of awards at the annual convention and exhibit of the Southern States Art League. He claims that the exhibit was the broadest and best in the history of the league. Silva was elected first vice president of the organization and is the only member of the league residing outside its district to be paid so great an honor.

Mr. George Hoffman of Oakland, and his brother Ross Hoffman, who has been in Siberia on an engineering contract for the past years or more, are spending the week end with Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Brown at their cottage in Old Carmel City.

Mr. John Ward is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hill at their Pebble Beach home.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin and their children, who have been in Honolulu for the past four months, returned to their home in Carmel last week. Flavin is at present spending a fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Miss Maria Teresa de Ortigosa, who has been the house guest of Miss Maria Antonia Field for several months left Carmel a few days ago for San Francisco where she will board ship May 4th for her home in Madrid.

Miss Alyson Palmer left Carmel yesterday for San Francisco, where she will visit friends for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peterson of Kellet, Alaska, visited Miss Dene Denny of Carmel last Sunday. While here the Petersons motored over the Seventeen Mile Drive and visited other places of beauty along the peninsula.

Mrs. Mark Kinsey of San Francisco is visiting her parents, Professor and Mrs. George Boke this week. Mr. Kinsey will be down for the week end.

A cake sale will be held at the office of the Carmel Development Company on Saturday by the pupils of All Saint's Sunday school, proceeds of which will be devoted to the erection of a new Parish House for the church.

Mrs. Elizabeth Haynes, who has spent a week visiting with her sister Mrs. W. C. Farley, returned to her home in Paso Robles, Sunday.

Mrs. Bucklin, of the Carmel Cleaning Works, spent the week end in Long Beach, visiting her son and daughter.

John W. Hunt, who with his family has been a resident of Carmel for several years past, and has made many friends in the town, died at his home Wednesday evening, at 6:30. He had suffered a stroke of apoplexy on March 31, but recovered from it and was able to get around again, when a second stroke last Saturday night left him unconscious.

Mr. Hunt, who was 66 years of age, was born at Waterville, Iowa, and was retired from active business. He leaves a widow, one son, John W. Hunt, Jr., and a daughter, Mrs. Rolfe J. Ullestean, living in the East.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2:30, at the Paul mortuary, Lighthouse avenue, Pacific Grove.

About fifteen children from All Saints sunday school at Carmel, accompanied by their teachers, Miss Katherine Smit, Miss Agnes Ford and Miss Nan Laura Chinn motored to Watsonville on last Sunday morning, to attend a joint Monterey Bay region Sunday school rally, which was held at that place in All Saints church. A special interesting feature of the morning was an indoor missionary pageant, produced by the children of the Watsonville Sunday school. The address for the occasion was delivered by Archbishop Noel Porter of San Francisco.

Mrs. Grace Wickham is spending her two weeks vacation in San Francisco with her daughter Grace.

Miss Geneva Christmas motored to San Jose to spend the week end with her parents.

Frankie Short is confined to his home with the measles.

Mrs. L. D. Whiffin and two daughters, returned home the latter part of last week from two weeks visit in Los Angeles with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Vail of Cincinnati, Ohio, who have been spending some two months with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Askew left for their home on Monday night.

Mrs. and Dr. Thomas Russell and three children, who have spent the winter in Carmel, at the Culbertson cottage on Seventh and Dolores, left for their home in New Haven, Conn.

Miss Jettie Askew, had as house guest over the week end, Miss Zoe Brannegan, of Grass Valley.

Miss Mariam Arnold White, teacher of the Sunset school, and Miss Mary Ingles spent the week end in the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Todd and daughter Dorothy returned to their home in Carmel Tuesday morning, after having enjoyed a two days motor trip through the Kings valley country, visiting the old San Antone Mission, and driving far into the mountain country of that section.

Mrs. Stuart Rockenbal, who has been quite seriously ill for some time, underwent an operation Monday morning at the Monterey Peninsula hospital. She is reported to be doing nicely.

James Hopper, Carmel writer, has returned from a year's stay in New York. He has in the monthly number of Harper's a short story, entitled "When It Happens."

recipient of a splendid organ, given to the church by the members of Del Monte Chapel.

Miss Sally Maxwell has purchased the interest of Miss Kissam Johnson in the establishment known as "Kays." The change is now in effect. Miss Johnson's plans are indefinite at present.

Pupils of the fourth, fifth and sixth grades of the Sunset school had a jolly party on Saturday afternoon. The affair was held under the auspices of the P. T. A. and about thirty children were present. Games under the supervision of Misses Agnes Walton and Miss Frances Burgess were played. Ice cream cones, cookies and soda were enjoyed by the kiddies, after which a grand march ended the party, and one small boy was heard to remark, "Gee, I wish we could have parties every week."

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger and family have returned from an interesting motor trip to the Mojave desert and Palm Springs. They were much enthused about the wonderful wild flowers growing on the ridge near Bakersfield, Miss Hester bringing back about 100 different kinds of flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffith and two children from Turlock spent last week end with Mrs. Griffith's mother, Mrs. Albert Turner. Mr. Griffith is a linotype operater on the Turlock Times.

Bethrothal cards are out announcing the engagement of Miss Marjory Edith Walker to Mr. Brooks Walker. Mr. Walker is a nephew of Mrs. Willis Walker of Pebble Beach. The young folks

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whose marriage will take place soon, are from Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William Machado were hosts at their home on North Dolores street recently, the occasion being the birthday of Mr. Machado. The evening was devoted to music and card playing. At midnight, supper was served. Favors for the card playing were warded to Mr. Clarence Tarr and Mrs. G. Zeith. Those who enjoyed the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Schaick, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jiminez, Mr. and Mrs. George Scheninger, Mr. and Mrs. D. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Tarr, Mr. and Mrs. Bucey, Ernest Weisbrod, L. C. Washburn and Mrs. Zeith.

Mrs. L. Hotchkiss of Berkeley, accompanied by Mrs. Harriet DeWitt and children, spent two weeks in Carmel at her cottage on Casanova.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Leonard of Watsonville are spending their honeymoon in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mason, eastern visitors at Pine Inn this week, are planning to locate a cottage and remain in Carmel for two or three months.

Mrs. Dorothy Pillsbury Stetson of Berkeley and her three young children spent several days at the La Playa last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wing of Palo Alto left Carmel yesterday, having spent a two weeks honeymoon in the village-by-the-sea.

Mrs. F. C. Rockwell is spending a few weeks at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emmett I. Donohue in Petaluma.

Major Charles Gordon and wife from Los Angeles, spent the Easter holidays with Mrs. Phil K. Gordon.

Miss Mabel Behrens of Los Angeles is back at Whitneys after an absence of several months.

Brewster Davison of San Francisco spent the week end with his family at their home on Casanova.

Dr. W. A. Clark, eminent surgeon of Oakland, and Ira Miller, also of the bay city, spent the week end at Pine Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Whitaker of Bakersfield, while in Carmel last week end, made arrangements for the summer occupancy of the Haight house on the Point.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Druhe returned to the home on Scenic the latter part of last week after having spent several days visiting in Berkeley.

Miss Grace Wickham of the Carmel postoffice force left Carmel on Sunday for San Francisco where she will spend her two weeks vacation.

Binney Burgess and Charles Leavitt of Fresno were guests at Pine Inn over the week end.

Miss Norma Ryland and Miss C. Hendrickson of San Jose are spending a week in Carmel at Pine Inn.

Mrs. Jack Bremer returned to her home in old Carmel City last week end after having spent a week in San Francisco. Jack Bremer, her son, is spending this week in San Francisco when he will devote a great part of his time to business interests.

Mrs. Guy O. Koepp had as week end guest, her father, Clarence W. Lee, from Hollywood.

Mrs. Sedgley Thompson of San Francisco is visiting her daughter, Miss Tommie fof a few days.

Peter Bartowick, the smiling accommodating lad who drives the Carmel bus, is back on the seat again. Peter has been confined to the house for a week with a strained back.

Word has been received from Mr. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and daughter Margaret, that they will be home on or about the 25th of April.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker and daughter are guests at the Casa del Rey, Santa Cruz, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Goold have moved into their new home, across from the Forest Hill school.

Jennie V. Cannon, the noted Artist, is in Carmel for a couple of weeks, from her Berkeley home.

Elizabeth Chandler left Monday morning for San Francisco for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. W. T. Beatty and niece of Pebble Beach, accompanied by Mrs. L. Hill and daughter, recently of St. Paul, who have a summer home in Pebble Beach, left Monday for the Yosemite, where they will spend a few days.

Mr. H. C. James motored to Los Angeles Thursday morning on a business trip, returning Saturday night.

Miss Rose Cound of Monterey will be at the Powder Puff Beauty Shoppe for the summer.

J. A. Easton, former owner of he Carmel Pine Cone, was in town last week. The Eastons are living in Los Angeles, where they expect to stay about a year, when they will go to New York. Mr. Easton arranged to have their furniture moved and the pretty studio home in the Eighty-Acres sold, while here.

Miss Culbertson and Miss Johnson have recovered from a severe attack of influenza.

In the Village Street

BOY WINS REGARD OF GREAT MASTER

From the valuable and precious album of newspaper clippings belonging to Elizabeth Strong, Carmel artist whose portraits of animals have likened her to the great Rosa Bonheur, we find an authentic and soul-stirring article that tells the romantic story of an attachment that Robert Louis Stevenson, while in life, formed for a twelve-year-old Oakland lad.

The boy's name is Joseph Austin Strong, nephew of Elizabeth Strong, who is now one of New York's successful playwrights. As a young lad he was the inseparable companion of Stevenson in all his cruises and wanderings. The two were constantly in each other's company. Together they rambled among the hills and on the seashore of Samoa, for it was here that the boy's father, the late Joseph D. Strong, well known artist and caricaturist, and mother, the former Isobel Osborn, step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, entertained the novelist during his first visit to the Islands. It was while on this visit to them that Stevenson became acquainted with the little boy. A mutual attachment sprang up between the two that lasted until the novelist's death. The feeling Stevenson had for the youth developed into that of a fond and solicitous father. The author, the islands, and anxious to be near the boy, resolved to settle permanently in the Pacific island and subsequently purchased a plantation at Samoa, where he installed Mr. Strong and his family.

It was while here that the novelist indulged in his celebrated cruises in his yacht over the Pacific ocean. In all these watery wanderings Stevenson was accompanied by young Strong. Australia, Hawaii and the Gilbert islands were visited at intervals by the chums.

On his arrival at Samoa, Stevenson purchased an immense tract of unimproved land and developed it into a high state of cultivation. It is to half of this plantation that young Joseph Austin Strong has fallen heir.

During Stevenson's fatal sickness the boy was constantly at his bedside, and was present at his death. It was Stevenson's intention and one of his fondest dreams to educate the boy as an author. He had inherited the talent from his father and was apt at depicting the characteristics of the natives on the island. Stevenson's parting words to the lad were ones of grave encouragement for him to follow up his natural talents regardless of the inevitable difficulties of the task.

Austin Strong has proven his everlasting admiration and affection for his friend and early counselor—he has worked—striven and won.

THE MARCH OF THE ANIMALS

There were smiles and approving nods from the crowd, as the annual animal parade marched down the main street of Monterey last Saturday morning, witnessed by many Carmelites. Smiles, because some of the sights were so unique and amusing, and approving nods, because the little procession led by a merry band of music was inspiring love and kindness to animals in the hearts of children and adults.

The stately great Dane, and the gentlemanly Police Dog marched side by side with the mongrel; democratic. The little company of colored boy scouts, keeping time with the music, were followed by beautiful horses ridden by pretty girls and young men, gaily dressed.

There were dogs of all sizes, big ones, middle sized ones and little ones, led by proud owners, seemingly with one accord, voicing their sentiments in continual barking, as to which was the best groomed amongst them, for had not they all been put through the scrubbing process, and been combed and brushed by small, loving hands for the occasion.

A small boy proudly carried a white rat, another gripped a stout pole, upon which sat a serious eyed green parrot. Then there was little "Parina," her black pig-tails flying in the wind, tied with bright red ribbons, trudging along, trailing a small black dog behind her. And last, a William goat, its high horns bedecked with gaily colored ribbons, proudly marched along with a small boy who was grinning from ear to ear. There were many more such sights, and as I turned to go, I heard a kindly, little old lady remark "Why I wouldn't have missed this parade for any thing!"—K.O.

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Of Things That Interest This Bit of Earth

GOOD RULES FOR LIVING

Here are some items of the contract signed by each player in the Abalone League:

I agree, in uniform or out, at the games or through the week, to refrain from speech or action tending to bring criticism or disrepute to my teammates or the league.

I agree to refrain absolutely from personalities in rooting, and to confine my sallies to such facts as bear on a person's ability as a ball player. I subscribe to the principle of sportsmanship which prevents me from razzing any player whose abilities at baseball are inferior to mine.

I agree not to protest any decision of an umpire, and hereby recognize that only team captains are privileged to take exception to rulings.

I agree to refrain from the use of any spike or cleat that is illegal under the league rules.

I agree not to bet on any Abalone League game or play. Penalty, permanent disbarment.

I agree not to smoke while in position on the field or at bat in preliminary practice or in a game, and not to bring liquor on the playing field or parking space at the ball games, or to drink any brought thereon by persons not subservient to these regulations.

Pretty fair creed, is it not? Change the word "game" to "life," and these would be quite sufficient rules of conduct. Sportsmanship requires most of the moral observances taught in the church, and its pledge is more easily signed.

The signing of this contract by more than a hundred men, women, boys and girls of Carmel, who will have strong reasons to respect it, is a good thing; but a much bigger thing is the regular example of the spirit of square-shooting that goes into every game.

SIGN RIGHT HERE, PLEASE

Elsewhere, under the heading, "Shall We Have a Kindergarten?" the secretary of the Sunset School trustees explains just what a kindergarten means in gains and costs. A petition, properly qualifying under the law, has been presented, and the school board now gives opportunity to learn the wishes of the people before acting upon it.

For some of the signers admit attaching their names without full understanding of the gains and costs. The easiest thing that there is to do in Carmel, it would seem, is to get people to sign petitions, con-petitions, and sometimes both. For any friend's asking, and the poking of a fountain pen into one's fingers, a signature goes on the sheet.

Sending telegrams that are half-digested, or not understood at all, is another favorite Carmel sport. We have not learned that under Californian law, our signatures have value in politics, just as they have in business. Asked to sign a commercial paper without complete understanding of its terms, we would refuse promptly; but any politician can get the necessary number of petitioners for an initiative measure or a referendum without trouble. Or can set loose a flood of telegrams on the President, Congress or the State Legislature at will.

This matter of the Kindergarten is a case in point; twenty-five qualified signers to the petition, and the Board of School Trustees MUST act. Do we want and need a Kindergarten? Do we understand its cost in additional taxes. Have we signed that petition with knowledge of what our signatures mean? Do the taxpayers of Carmel know what twenty-five people in it are asking them to pay an added 7 or 8 cents per hundred on assessed valuation of the school district, and how many children will benefit, and to what extent?

Read the article headed "Shall We Have a Kindergarten?" printed in this issue and learn something about the matter, its gains and costs.

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

TWENTY-ONE

By Alyson Palmer

Once upon a moon-filled night
I heard a wild, sweet song—
"Youth hurries by in heedless flight
A little, dancing faun;
Forget the books of learning
And read of Life a page,
For there is no returning
When youth has come to age!"

I heeded not the witching spell,
Nor looked I toward the moon,
But who, at twenty-one, can tell
That time runs out so soon?
The book of Life I never read
And now that Fall has come,
In vain I'd give the years ahead
And follow twenty-one!

I'd wander in the moon-filled night
Through all the golden springs,
And gather blossoms pink and white
And talk of foolish things;
But April nights are chilly,
When dusk has hid the sun,
And oh, if I'd been silly,
When I was twenty-one!

YUCCA ON THE HILLS

By Grace Wallace

The yucca tall are the gravestones all
Of high hill-wandered souls;
The shafts point still up the rude worn hill
Where they sought their sun-lit goals.
Some climbed half way and stopped to play
Near the heather's blushing bloom;
While some, lower grown, straying alone,
Were caught in the fir's grey gloom.

Where the summits wear noon's gold in their hair
The perfume is wafted me
Of the highest climbed and the least earth-grimed
Of the beautiful company;
But none has gained, nor with beauty reigned
Upon its mystic heights;
And none could gain, though they strove in pain
Their few brief days and nights.

A PROTEST FROM THE NIMP

The other day a friend of mine
Composed an ode to me,
But why she called it "To a Nimp,"
Is more than I can see;
A Nimp has got to dance about,
While I am shy and quiet,
I cannot be a Nimp without
I go upon a diet;
For lovely though the poem was,
As ever I did see one,
I'm really not a nimp because
I am too fat to be one.

A BUSINESSLIKE VIEW OF IT

This was a Carmel business man who has demonstrated his faith in the future of the village by investing largely in downtown property. He said:

When I came to Carmel, and established my business, I had all the convictions of a Main Street Babbitt. I thought that the element here which opposed progress was a bunch of freaks and nuts. I wanted concrete streets, curbs, sidewalks, and the visible evidences of civilization.

That was five years ago. Today I'm the worst nut in town. The artists, writers and opponents of Main-Street-ism have to jump to keep up with me. This city's growth has been proof of the commercial value of dirt roads, trees in the streets, prettiness in store buildings, originality and uniqueness. Business has prospered because Carmel has remained different. The artist-bunch has in me a supporter for their fight against conventional progress—me, and many another business man.

OUR CONGRATULATIONS, GENTLEMEN

The long and necessarily tedious business of getting the details complete for the erection of the Harrison Memorial Library is at last over, and the five trustees who have labored hard to make what there was to do with, cover all that had to be done with it, breathe a great sigh of relief. They are over the worst of it; they have done it conscientiously and with infinite care in every detail; and while they do not expect to escape criticism, they have a right to the feeling that they have done their best.

Theirs was no easy task. A library is a technical affair of many demands that are unknown to the straight commercial building. The bequest upon which they had to rely for the entire cost was an awkward size; too big for a shack, too small for an elaborate structure. Then, too, Carmel would not want the standard model library building. An artist must design it, and architects who are also artists are none too many. Each of these limitations was considered—and, we believe, met fairly.

BEAT IT — THE COP!

Another police officer for Carmel seems to be essential. Traffic conditions show no improvement, and there has been more crime here in the four months of 1927 than in all the years since Carmel became a municipality. A good man to assist Marshal Englund in policing the village will be welcomed by business man and residents with practical unanimity.

Commissioner of Police Dennis will have the selection of the man to serve in this capacity and will use the greatest care as to the applicant's qualifications and references.

BRING THEM TO THE PINE CONE

A vast area of this country is under water, tens of thousands of fertile acres ruined for production this year, thousands of homes of humble people wrecked or damaged and abandoned to the floods, many killed, many thousands of human being temporarily bereft of their hopes and their livelihoods, dependent upon the good will and charity of their fellow beings. The Mississippi river and its tributaries are "getting even" for the destruction of forests, the drainage of swamps, the clearing

The Editors Comment--For What It's Worth

of lands, the ruination of water-sheds.

The call has gone forth for funds for the American Red Cross, and California, rich, prosperous, happy, should be the first state to fill its quota.

It is a long way from the Monterey Peninsula and from peaceful, contented Carmel to the plains of the Mississippi valley where destruction and misery have been let loose upon tens of thousands of our fellow citizens. Our imagination cannot grasp the extent of this calamity, but it can try. Our pity for the unfortunates may be translated into some tangible assistance in their time of distress. We of Carmel should do our share, promptly, gladly, thankful of the reminder.

The Carmel Pine Cone, cooperating with the American Red Cross, appeals to the citizens of our village to aid in the assistance that must be rendered without delay to suffering thousands. Make out your checks to the American Red Cross, bring them promptly to the Pine Cone office. These funds will immediately be turned over to the Red Cross to go to work in the interests of American humanity, our own people, in their time of need.

People Talked About

The Greek Theatre at Berkeley is a quarter of a century old, and celebrating its silver jubilee. Charles Caldwell Dobie, the Caliph of the Bulletin, says reminiscently, "Can it be that 25 years have elapsed since an army of banners and a packed audience covered up the fact that the theater was not quite finished for its first event—an address, by Colonel Roosevelt? Was he president then? I fancy so, but I am too lazy to look the question up. And what a packed audience it was! Quite the largest that the Greek Theater ever held. For even the huge stage had its hundreds.

"Later, the formal dedication came with a performance of a Greek play by the students. I have forgotten it entirely, although I was there. What tricks memory plays on one!"

Doble goes on to recount his memories of the Greek: "The divine Sarah, in 'Phedre,' six weeks after the earthquake and fire. An aged woman, surrounded by a handful of actors, completely filling the theater. And when I say filling I don't mean as to audience, although that was capacity. But filling it with her presence. The background of the Greek Theater usually dwarfs most performers. They need soldiers and women and priests and mobs to support them. Not so Sarah. For the most part she stood before a throne with no attendant but a waiting woman. And a pitiless sun beat down upon her in an attempt at disillusionment. But to no purpose. Sarah was supremely young and supremely tragic."

He speaks of Maude Adams in "As You Like It," the Hamlet of the Ben Greet Players, Sothern and Marlowe, Nance O'Neil and Margaret Anglin. He failed to mention what to some of us was the most thrilling—if not the most momentous—performance ever held at the Green Theatre in all its twenty-five years. I refer to "The Toad."

* * *

The invitation of the Greek Theatre to the Forest Theatre Society in 1912 to put "The Toad" on at the Berkeley amphitreatre came as a great surprise to us. Prof. William Dallam Armes, head of the directors of the theatre had seen our performance here, and had hinted that it had possibilities, but the formal invitation of the Greek Theatre directorate was unexpected and flattering. Garnet Holme, who had produced the play, went directly to Berkeley and arranged the details of division of receipts, of advertising, hotel accomodations, and the rest of it. I followed in a few days to build the necessary accessories to the stage for our Egyptian setting, and the entire cast with every super, dancer and helper—except the proud Prince Pasara ,who ran out on us—came up on the day of the performance.

We had—or tried to have—a rehearsal on the stage in the afternoon. The great distances from the entrances to stage center—more than twice as far as at the Forest Theatre—made all cues for entering useless. These had to be lifted a speech or two, or else the play would drag lamentably. As a good part of the cast were too busy seeing the sights of the town to learn new cues, the play did drag lamentably.

There were some other weak spots in it. "The Toad" opened with me—I playing the title role—being kicked violently through a curtain and down a flight of Egyption stairs. My sandal caught in the curtains, I stumbled and fell down the steps, bumpitty-bump, bumpity-bump. Realistic, but shattering. Breath knocked clean out of me, I had to pick up my bruised body, shake my fist at the curtains up there, and tell Prince Aahmes what I thought of him in the opening speech of the play. Because I was too breathless to more than stutter, that speech was a total loss.

We got our second good laugh from the audience—the play was a tragedy—when Prince Pasara, played by Malcolm Strong, came on without his wig. He had one of these sleek, modern heads of hair, and it didn't fit the Egyptian costume and manners a-tall! But with these few drawbacks, and a frequent long and deadly pause while an actor or a procession of supers made over that long stretch from the side entrance to where they could speak or be spoken to, we got by. And proud of it? After the show, at a party where DeWolfe Hopper and a bunch of his company were our guests, we listened to speeches of flattery, and made speeches of congratulation, and asked in whispers, one of the other, how large was the box? Yes, that was satisfactory; very. We more than cleared expenses.

* * * *

Michael Williams, who used to live in the Eighty Acres, and took a prominent part in Carmel activities in early years, is now editor of The Commonweal in New York, and is telling tales in his magazine of things that happened here then. From one of the articles, I lift the story of Sinclair Lewis' famous trunk.

"Lewis brought a trunk with him to Carmel despite his difficulties and delays in getting there," writes Williams, "or maybe he sent it afterward; I forget; but anyway, that trunk became locally famous and a thing of wonder to the writers there, most of whom were six-days-a-week loafers, and mere Jock o' Dreams compared with the new arrival. For that trunk was packed with a veritable card index of a fiction manufacturer. . . . There were dozens, scores, hundreds of possible plots for novels, short stories, plays. Once he sat up all night with Jack London in George Sterling's bungalow, going through the plot file. Jack London, at least in his latter days, was not particularly inventive in the matter of plots. Sinclair displayed his samples; scores were examined, ten or fifteen were bought, at, I believe, five or ten dollars per plot. London could write out the ones he used at a profit of a thousand dollars or so; meanwhile, he needed the plots, Lewis needed the quick sales at spot cash; so both were satisfied. Ten or twelve plots no more lowered the general level of plots in that trunk than a cupful or two lowers the level of a pond."

* * *

Daisy Bostick gave Jack London the plot for one of his stories. In a round-about way, it's true, but quite surely; and I came in on it as an intermediary. More years ago than I care to name, Daisy Fox, as she was then, made a vacation trip to Alaska, and came back with a number of good stories of the new land, which I, being a newspaper man, wrote into Sunday Supplement tales for the Hearst dailies.

One of these stories was of a man and his wife who, ice-bound on an islet off the Alaskan coast, had acted as executioners of the murderer of the fourth man of the party. They gave the killer a trial, the man and woman acting as judge and jury, and after considering his defense condemned him to death. A reasonable time was allowed between sentence and execution, all of the time the murderer being bound, and watched by one or the other of the couple with rifle in hand. Finally, on a gallows they erected, the killer standing on a barrel, they dropped him to his death.

When summer thaws allowed the couple to leave the island, they went to Juneau and laid the records of the case before the Dominion authorities. Without an arrest or a trial, the Court declared their execution a legal and judicial one, under full sanction of law.

This story ,told me by Daisy Bostick, and written by me, appeared in the Examiner— and all Hearst papers— as a full-page Sunday spread. Then Jack London used it as the plot for a fiction story. That he got it from our tale, not from the Alaskan records, details showed; for I had used imagination to build up incidents where Daisy Bostick lacked information, and London used these details.

* * * *

The Neighborhood Playhouse in New York has added another Carmelite to its acting staff. Christine Burton, who a few years ago was playing juvenile parts at the Arts and Crafts and Forest Theatre, is now with the company. Ralph Geddes is in his second season with them. In 1925, these two kids were Rip Van Winkle and Gretchen, Rip's termagant wife, in the Forest Theatre production.

Tina Burton's first acting part here was in "Will-o'-the-Wisp," a one-act drama by Doris F. Halman, put on at the Arts and Crafts hall in May, 1922. She was the Will-o'-the Wisp, and an exquisite one. As a dancer, we had known her before, but she was a surprise as an actress. Twelve or thirteen years old then, I'd guess. That same year, in "Inchling," Ira Remsen's fairy play, Tina was Lady Bug, and also did a dance, March of the Dead Leaves, with her sister, Virginia Burton, and Virginia Norton.

Tina has—or had—red hair, freckles and temperament, a beautiful, lithe figure, tiny feet, and the most marvelous ability for organization that I ever discovered in a child. She was the despotic leader of all the girls in her set, though many were older than she, and whatever she planned was a success. She put on a vaudeville show at Arts & Crafts, written, acted, produced, costumed, stage-built and managed by the kids themselves, that was good stuff from an adult view-point. She'll make good in New York, I prophesy; watch her do it.

* * * *

A feature of the Forest Theatre performances of 1917, "A Thousand Years Ago" and Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," was the music. In Carmel that summer was a group of musicians from the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, including Louis Persinger, Horace Britt, and Elias Hecht, and their help, with Alberta Livernash, Helen Von Ende and Janett Shavitch, gave us music such as we had never had before or since. One of the most beautiful numbers was a flute solo by Hecht between acts of "A Thousand Years Ago."

He died last week, in San Francisco, forty-seven years old. He was the founder of the San Francisco Chamber Music Society, and for many years its main financial support. He and the society sponsored what was regarded as one of the most eminent string quartets in the world. This quartet, composed of Louis Persinger, Nathan Firestone, Louis Ford and Walter Ferner, all of San Francisco, gave concerts with remarkable artistic success during the season of 1925-1926. They played in sixty cities, from New York to San Francisco.

* * * *

The late Joseph D. Strong, father of Austin Strong and brother of Elizabeth Strong of Carmel, was possessed of rare talent and made an enviable name for himself in the world of art. During his life he was a constant visitor to Carmel and although his earlier study was in the line of portraiture, later he did much excellent work in landscapes and marines, and it was for inspiration for these later canvases that he came to his favorite village by the sea. His talented and ambitious sister, Elizabeth, was in France, during the latter part of his life, studying and painting and it was during this time that she exhibited several remarkable animal portraits at the American Woman's Club in Paris, one of which now hangs in her Carmel studio. In the course of my interview with her, the other day, I commented upon the excellency of the portrait and in her modest and retiring way she made the astounding remark:

"When that little canvas was on exhibit at the American Woman's club in Paris, many years ago, Whistler, heading the board of critics, was heard to remark as he handled the painting, 'This is Art,' and so saying, he marked upon the back of it, many times, Class 1. At that particular exhibit he marked as Class 1 but ten canvases. I did not realize at that time what a precious honor he had bestowed upon me. I did not feel then as I do now, that I am only a beginner." I have much, so much to learn. Where then I used to go to greater artists for knowledge, I now go to nature; she holds within her beauty the secrets of great art as well as the wisdom of healthful living."

* * * *

Jean Jacques Pfister, whose painting "On the Lake of Lugano, Italy," makes the cover for The Literary Digest of April 23, was for a time a resident of Carmel. That was in 1918, I believe, and he and George Seideneck occupied a cottage on Carmelo street.

Pfister is a native of Switzerland, and came to San Francisco when about twenty, studying at the Mark Hopkins School of Fine Arts. He is established now in New York.

Dr. Lincoln L. Wirt of San Francisco, western secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, will lecture at Unity Hall, Dolores street, on Sunday May 1st at eight o'clock, under the auspices of the Carmel branch of the Womens' International League for Peace and Freedom. His subject will be, "The Outlawry of War and how to Obtain it."

Dr. Wirt formerly served as U. S. Director of Education in Alaska, American Red Cross Commissioner in France and International Commissioner in the Near East Relief. He is at present lecturing in Nevada and will return to attend the Peace Rally to be held at all the churches in Berkeley on Sunday. Immediately thereafter he will start for Carmel to speak at Unity Hall at eight o'clock.

Attorney Charles Clark, wife and daughter have returned from a visit with their sons in Fort Worth, Houston and Dallas, Texas. While at Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. Clark celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the home of their son, Jefferson Davis Clark, with a splendid dinner party. Three sons, one daughter, and six grandchildren were gathered around the festive board.

About six miles beyond the Big Sur a huge barbecue was held Sunday afternoon, with the sun shining in the morning and the fog in the late afternoon the sight seers saw the effect of the scenery from both points as they motored down in three machines. The crowd who enjoyed the barbecue were Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Thomas of Glendale, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Farley of Carmel, and Miss Ethel and Jessie Kay of Monterey.

Portraits of Animals This Artists Metier

In bright tweed knickers with a flannel sport shirt opened at the throat, the little, delicate woman who paints animals with a masterly hand stood waiting for me in the garden path outside her studio home. Elizabeth Strong has been called the Rosa Bonheur of America. Her animal portraits have as much of character, of expression and of individuality in them as any group of respectable portraits of men and women. She goes straight to the mark in these likenesses and reads the intimate quality of her sitter. In viewing her canvas of "Canton To-Ti," a most arrogant and aristocratic Pekingese, I asked, "How did you ever succeed in persuading him to pose that way?"

"Doughnuts," was her astounding reply. "To-Ti's only interest in life was doughnuts. I kept one on my easel and when he grew too obstreperous I would toss him a bit of his favorite morsel. Thus I pacified him for hours at a time."

Miss Strong not only paints but understands and loves animals. During her seven years in France, at which time she exhibited yearly at the Paris Salon, Elizabeth Strong lived on the outskirts of beautiful Cernay-La-Ville where she maintained her own kennels painting her animal portraits out-of-doors.

"That is the only way it can be done successfully," says she. "Here I have neither the room nor the proper facilities for maintaining kennels; that is why I have forsaken, temporarily, my painting of animal portraits and am confining my work mostly to landscapes and marines."

Miss Strong's work lives and moves in fields of light and sunshine, in purple moorland or sun-freckled forest. Hers is the art of real impressionism that the average eye can understand and appreciate. Every canvas she paints bears the impress of truthful delineation and coloring. In her canvases of Point Lobos she has given fine tone and harmonious coloring to the whole composition.

Her most recent painting is a portrait of Mrs. Dorothy Pillsbury Stetson's youngest daughter, Barbara. In this excellent study of child-charm and sweet youth she has caught not only the radiant coloring of the child but her vivid personality as well. About the fine brow there is a delicate light of spirituality and in the soft curves of the mouth that unconscious feeling that one finds only in extreme youth.

Although Elizabeth Strong is past seventy she works daily with the high spirit of youth—hers is a heart and mind and body that knows no age. She is as brave and conscientious and industrious a worker as she is gifted and richly merits all the success that she has obtained or that can possibly await her.

If some day on your wanderings down the coast you should happen on to a little slip of a woman briskly walking Lobos-ward with a ten-pound pack of paints and canvases and lunch baskets on her back you may safely call forth the friendly greeting, "Good day, Miss Strong!" for in all probability it will be she.

CARMEL ARTISTS IN BERKELEY SHOW

We have it from H. L. Dungan, art critic for the Oakland Tribune, that the third annual exhibit given by the All Arts Club at the Community Center in Berkeley, last week, was a "rattling good show, and such a lively and well balanced one that it was a pity it had to come to an end at the close of the week."

Among the exhibitors were several artists who make their home in Carmel and a few others who visit regularly the village by the sea.

Eugene Neuhaus had three canvases, including one owned for some time by the Community Center. The new canvases were of a group of eucalyptus trees and an adobe house set among trees. Celia B. Seymour exhibited an oil of Point Lobos, boldly handled. "Sand Dunes" by M. De Neale Morgan, now owned by the Club, received enthusiastic appraisal. Maynard Dixon's "House at Walpi" was a bit of desert stuff with Dixon's glowing sky. Jessie Short Jackson's "The Flower Pot" was an interesting study of pot and flower against a green door. Jennie V. Cannon exhibited an excellent marine. "Ecce Homo," an unusual conception of the Crucifixion, was shown by Hamilton Wolf. The three crosses are on three round hills, blood red. Below, in the foreground, are figures interestingly grouped. John Howard's "Trees and Hills" was an odd, somber canvas.

All Northbrae and much of the rest of Berkeley was present so that the exhibition was viewed by an unusually large crowd on the opening day.

EXHIBITS MEXICAN PAINTINGS

Miss Helen Forbes, a frequent visitor to Carmel, is exhibiting a collection of thirty pictures at the Stanford Art Gallery. They show part of the paintings she did during a recent visit of five months to Mexico.

The group shows colorful scenes. The adobe houses and red tiled roofs of the old cities of Mexico, the cactus hillsides, and natives of the villages, are painted in a bold vigorous technique.

Most of the canvasses were painted in Guanajuato, a mountain town north of Mexico City. During Miss Forbe's stay she conducted classes in painting at the College of Guanajuato where she found a remarkable sense of color and design among the young people. Some of the titles are: "Indian Mother," "Organos Cactus," "Mexican Girl," and "Cathedral Campanillo."

Miss Forbes' art studies date back to the Mark Hopkins School days in San Francisco. Later she went to Monterey, where she studied under Armin Hansen. In 1921 she went to the Academy at Munich, under Professor Greeber, thence to Holland, and Paris. To her experience has been added travels in other parts of Europe, and to Morocco, where she did some blue pencil drawings, that show some of the most charming work during the European period.

Miss Forbes is the Vice President of the Society of Women Artists and a member of a number of art associations. She has a studio in San Francisco, and lives at Palo Alto, California.

The exhibition ends April 30 and is open daily from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. Admission free.

WHAT'S IN THE MAGAZINES?

Magazine articles, stories and poems of varied and timely interest, written by local authors or those Carmel knows, for the monthly and weekly publications, can be found in the magazine department of the Seven Arts.

Three excellent short stories by Gouverneur Morris, "A Bird in the Hand" in the April Cosmopolitan, "A Lady of Temper" in the May Cosmopolitan and "Miracles" in April's Best Stories. "Easter in Galilee" a poem by Clinton Scollard in April Munsey; "The Hope Pool," a stirring short story by Elisabeth Frazer in March Liberty; "When Your Boy Comes Home," a heart-to-heart article by Vera Connolly in April Good Housekeeping; "Easter Song" and "Gilead," two poems by Clinton Scollard in April Ladies' Home Journal; "The Present Fiction Outlook," helpful and interesting article by Margery Swett Mansfield in April Writer's Monthly; "Our Inadequate Notation," an article on music by Henry Cowell in April Modern Music; "Jade," a short story well done by Joseph Blethen in May Blue Book; "For the Girl Back Home," a short story with plenty of action by F. R. Bechdolt in May Cosmopolitan; "Revolt of Peter Purdy" a short story by R. M. Blythe in April 9th Saturday Evening Post; and in April 23rd Post, a humorous article by the same author, "Get Rid of That Fat." "Why I enjoy Mountain Climbing," a clear-cut article on the out-of-doors by Anne Shannon Monroe in May Sunset; "Neighbors," an article on present day foreign political relations by Vernon Kellogg in May Scribners and in this same publication a mighty interesting short story by Will James, "All in the Day's Riding."

GUMP'S HAS RITSCHEL'S AND CRAM'S WORKS

Among the exhibits now being held at Gump's in San Francisco are several marines by William Ritschel. As one of our foremost marine artists of all time, no comment is necessary on his paintings. Albert G. Cram of Santa Barbara, now busily at work in Carmel, paints in oils and paints rather well, though his [illegible] has accomplished with palette and brush on canvas. Every line he makes is full of grace, yet when several of these lines are combined they form rugged desert scenes or tumbling waves or silent forests. It is great drawing.

YOUNG ARTIST HAS SHOW

Moira Wallace, one of Carmel's talented young artists, is exhibiting many of her water-colors, drawings, linoleum cuts and wood blocks at Gump's in San Francisco, next week. She has conceived, with remarkable results, a most original process in handling wood-blocks and her water colors are vastly interesting studies in symbolic interpretation. She is a young, ambitious woman of original and volcanic ideas.

SAILORS LIKE TO READ

From Anne Shannon Monroe in Sunset:

Franz Ludwig's Musical Digest

By Thomas Vincent Cator

An outstanding musical event of the past week on the Monterey Peninsula was the excellent performance of Gounod's "Redemption," given by the Pacific Grove Musical Society under the direction of L. E. M. Cosmey. That any organization in the small community which dwells within the area occupied by Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel, should be able to so creditably produce a work of the magnitude of the "Redemption" is food for thought. In San Francisco, Los Angeles, and other large centers where Philharmonic and Oratorio societies exist, it means that, outside of what they may earn, a great financial deficit must be encountered and made up from some philanthropic source at the end of each season. Because of this ever extant problem the Seattle Symphony Orchestra was compelled to suspend operation for a number of years. But the people of Seattle were not satisfied. They realized the necessity of a symphony orchestra, and what its influence meant to them, not alone from a cultural standpoint, but also as regards prestige in the eyes of other centers. Plans were discussed, but all were discarded as impractical until finally the musicians proposed that if only the expense of a director were guaranteed, they would give their services on a cooperative basis; that is to say, by taking over the business end of the concerts and dividing the net proceeds. This plan has worked wonderfully and the Seattle orchestra seems to be on a firmer financial footing today than many of those in other cities. In Pacific Grove, Mr. L. E. M. Cosmey and the musicians of Pacific Grove and Monterey, with one or two from Carmel, have been working on a shoestring for the past four or five years. They have, of course, been unable to render the great symphonic works of the world's master composers; and Mr. Cosmey has very wisely refrained from attempting things which lay beyond the technical scope of his players. But they have, nevertheless, been able to give one or two musically interesting numbers on each program, and despite all the drawbacks, which comprise inadequate rehearsals, lack of appreciation on the part of a great portion of the people, as well as inability to secure proper management, they have forged ahead steadily and surely, until today the quality of their work is deserving of the highest praise, and assuredly merits the serious attention of those living in our midst who are able to give genuine assistance.

If anyone is deterred from attending these concerts because of the fact that Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy and DeFalla are not represented on the programs, I suggest that with more general encouragement and cooperation on the part of the public, and especially by the Women's Clubs on the Peninsula it will become possible to accomplish a great deal. The musicians are giving their time and talent free and freely. Can the rest of us then not lean down and give a helping hand to those who are struggling for the advancement of so splendid an enterprise? Carmel owes a great deal to Mr. Cosmey. Without any reason other than the desire to help in the achievement of artistic endeavor, he has at all times been willing to come over here and give lessons in which music was a prime requisite. Is it not up to Carmel to do what it can in return, if for no other reason? But it is for the good of the cause itself rather than for any personal reason that we should be activated.

The librarian of Congress announces that several ancient Chinese manuscript volumes have been donated by Mr. Philip T. Z. Sze, nephew of the Chinese Minister. The "Shi King," or book of odes, is a collection of ballads in various meters, usually four words to a line, composed between the reign of the Great Yu and the beginning of the sixth century B. C. Confucius is said to have regarded knowledge of these odes as of great importance, and to have advised his son that unless he had learned them he would be unfit for the society of intellectual men. They number about 300.

DAYLIGHT HIGH AND LOW TIDES AT CARMEL

(Note: The day changes at 1 a. m.)

	TIDES			
	Low		High	
29	3:25am	0.3 ft	8:36am	4.5 ft
	2:26pm	0.2 ft	8:53pm	5.5 ft
30	3:16am	-0.4 ft	9:38am	4.5 ft
	3:12pm	0.7 ft	9:20pm	5.7 ft
May 1	Low		High	
	4:07am	-1.0 ft	10:40am	4.5 ft
	3:55pm	1.2 ft	10:05pm	5.8 ft
2	4:57am	-1.3 ft	11:42am	4.6 ft
	4:39pm	1.5 ft	10:43pm	5.7 ft
3	5:48am	-1.4 ft	12:46pm	4.3 ft
	5:26pm	2.3 ft	11:25pm	5.5 ft
4	6:40am	-1.3 ft	1:52pm	4.1 ft
	6:10pm	2.7 ft	— —	—
	High		Low	
5	0:06am	5.1 ft	7:34am	-1.1 ft
	2:59pm	4.1 ft	7:15pm	3.0 ft

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And there is more, much more that could be said about Los Ranchitos, with its broad fertile "benches" and great live oaks and white oaks, its canyons, trails, lanes; its situation north of the Carmel Valley road, where it receives full day sunshine; its accessibility to all the joys, the sport, and the business of the Monterey Peninsula communities.

Within half an hour of Carmel
Within thirty-five minutes of Monterey

Via excellent, well-kept, wide roads, which lead to that part of Carmel Valley that is noted for the year 'round hospitality of its climate.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

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R. C. DE YOE, Realtor

Ocean Avenue at Dolores Street, Carmel Phone Carmel 21

Spotlight and Back-stage

The Rountrees Put Starch in the Collars

The "great middle class" was comfortably lobbied into the limelight and the lap of luxury by the Golden Bough players Friday and Saturday evenings of last week when Edward Kuster produced "White Collars" a comedy of American life by Edith Ellis. Barring spasmodic moments when there came noticeable monotony of voices, and other times when the leading players became so laconic in the sultry heat of a New York evening that it was felt even on the cool side of the footlights—we say, barring these few points which could have been remedied by the director, it was a pleasing entertainment.

The main pivot of the play, the middle class patriot Cousin Henry, as played by Louis U. Rountree, furnished the audience with a mirthful appreciation of his important position in the Thayer household where morals and ideals of living seemingly depended on his masterful oratory. Rountree lived the part and enjoyed it to all appearances. He had much to do in the three acts of the play and he neither under or over d'd it. When the action of the play was in his hands the audience was easy and quite satisfied and one can't say much more for a man's talent than that.

Elizabeth Harvey, as Joan Thayer, the leading lady, led mostly off and on and all about the stage her unimpassioned millionaire husband, William Van Luyn as portrayed without any particular punch by C. S. Stinson.

POLA NEGRI IN PARAMOUNT FILM

Another stupendous foreign made picture with the great Pola Negri, is the Paramount attraction scheduled for the Manzanita theatre, May 2nd and 3rd. The scene is the Austro-Russian frontier; the story, a modern one of love, war and intrigue; the cast, one whose personnel sounds like a League of Nations. Distinguished Russian and German actors support the Polish actress and James Hall, leading man, is the only American in name and birth in the entire cast. As a chambermaid, Miss Negri is elevated to luxury by a Russian general, becomes involved in a passionate intrigue and makes an heroic sacrifice for the sake of her Hungarian lover and country. Wonderful photography, great acting and unsurpassed directing mark this Paramount picture a great production.

PICKING STRONG CAST FOR "THE SHOW OFF"

The Carmel Players are busy with rehearsals of George Kelly's highly successful comedy "The Show Off," which they plan to produce at the Arts and Crafts the latter part of May under the direction of George Ball.

The play, a clever portrayal of ordinary American home life with all its fancy quirks and humorous phases, gives the lead to the "show off" young lad of the family. Louis Rountree has been chosen to swing through the leading role in his merry way while Madeleine Rountree is also picked for an important part. Although the entire cast has not been selected it is understood, to date, that Gay Newby, Marian Todd and Stanton Babcock are among those now attending rehearsals.

AT THE TIME OF VILLON
By Susan Porter

With the Forest Theater production of "If I Were King" now on the horizon, it is time to assume a little interest in the historical background of that excellent melodrama, and to gain an idea of Louis XI apart from one's memories of Walter Scott's Quentin Durward, and of Henry Irving's wonderful long legs in some half-forgotten play.

Louis, coming to the throne in 1461, found a country still weakened by the Hundred Years War, and torn apart by the rivalling claims of powerful, ambitious and frankly selfish nobles. "Each for himself," was their motto; but "All for me," was the secret word of the little wry-faced monarch—and he was cleverer than they. Adroitly as a ward politician, he played one against another and united the French people in a common hatred of these oppressors. By skillful intrigue, he involved the strongest of them, the Duke of Burgundy, in a war with the Swiss, and when the Duke died, defeated, calmly took over Burgundy for himself.

By the time Louis died, in 1483, he had managed to join to the crown Berry, Provence, Burgundy, Anjou, Maine, and six other provinces, had broken the dominance of the nobles, and could leave to his son, Charles VIII, a consolidated nation, containing in its centralized government the germs of the absolute monarchy of a later day.

Not bad, for a little insignificant man with a mean face.

Looking Backward

By Jennie V. Cannon

At Idler's Camp—Habitat of an Idler Scamp—April 25th.

Here I am back again in Carmel. I appear as regularly as the lupine and the yellow poppy. By way of introduction to the Pine Cone readers I should say, I have been in and out of here for the last thirty-one years. In fact, my first trip was made in 1896 when a ranch house, where Monte Verde apartments now are, and a potato patch were the only evidences that mortal man sojourned in these parts.

On this first trip I came as a Stanford student at Easter vacation time. I lived in the Chinese Mission, Pacific Grove, above the Chinese fishing hamlet, the most artistic group of buildings and people I have ever seen jumbled together among rocks and sand. The smells in the squid time were as memorable as the shapes of flotsam and jetsam that pulled and pushed the boats in at morning and evening of each fishing day.

I walked the 17 mile drive. The road wound along the shore in those days, and at regular intervals were quaint works where picturesque Chinese sold their sea and land trophies. I also rode to Point Lobos, and with the crossest stage driver that Zeus ever created. Peace to his ashes—may the saints have mercy on his soul. I shall never forget how Point Lobos looked at that time. The trees were festooned with mosses, vines and lichens. It resembled a cool underground grotto suffused with a lurid green yellow light that beggared description. All these decorations have been consumed by every mortal that has broiled a steak. The constant tread of feet have made impossible the growth of any more trees. In fact, so much has happened to Point Lobos in the past thirty years it does not now greatly matter what disposition is made of it. It is, alas, too true that man wreaks havoc while he creates. There were no "Verboten" signs to greet the beholder in those days—"Private Properties" and "Improvement" signs were things unknown.

The shore line belonged to God and whatsoever artist chose to paint it. I can forsee the time, and not far distant, when the painters will look in vain for a place by which to reach the water. On Long Island, where also the shore was sold, there is not a sod of earth by which anyone but a multi-millionaire may have access to the shore.

What an achievement it would have been, in developing this peninsula, to put the boulevard next to the shore, with homes fronting on the boulevard. Then all sorts and conditions of men could have had access to the beach forever and ever.

Alvarado street in Monterey was, in 1896, a rambling, winding thoroughfare, dotted on either side with quaint and picturesque buildings. In true Cairo fashion everybody and everything was in the street, which was strewn from end to end with rocks, straw and sand. Mañana spirit ruled supreme and everyone had time to speak to the passer-by and to reminisce about the good old days of Spanish rule. Everywhere were battered adobes whose former occupants were known by the then living generation. About them they talked.

My favorite amusement on this trip was watching the whalers in Monterey bring in the whale. It was a many hour occupation to dispose of its huge carcass. The men who engaged in this work were fine sketching material. When the whale did not need their attention they sat about in groups and wove fishing nets and yarned and yarned, in a jargon the white-face did not understand. Many of these characters disappeared about 1900 as if an edict had ordered their removal. their like has not been seen since.

Speaking of the Manana spirit reminds me of what I feel to be most the matter with the Carmel of the present day. Our population has been so occupied producing books, pictures, sculptures, scientific thesis and what not that both the niceties of polite society and true comradeship and friendliness have gone by the board. But, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, when it comes to roughing it, as it was done in the old days, anyone who cares to stop at First and San Carlos streets can see what a sure-enough gypsy looks like. And as to friendliness and courtesy some there are that still do practice it. No sooner do I set down my grip, on my return, than Mike, my neighbor's Airedale arrives. He edges up, wags his tail, assures me he is mighty glad to see me, digs a place in the sand and by every sign assures me he intends to stay forever and ever. But then Mike is a gentleman of the old school.

WHAT HE WILL SAY GOD ONLY KNOWS

Frank Sheridan, speaks at the Kiwanis club luncheon today, by invitation of Judge Treat, on the rousing topic War, Woman and Politics. We would not be at all surprised if Frank, in the course of his conversation as head of the table, did not commiserate with Salinas on being a part of the Monterey Peninsula.

Deed: Martin McAulay et al to Edward G. Hatton, Mar 18. Lot 15, 65.60 acs; Lot 2, 438.95 acs. Subj. to rts of Way A & B. Lot 16, 0.21 acs Same as above Partition Map.

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DIARY OF A REAL FORTY-NINER

A Fragment of Old California in the Days of Gold, As Told By Foster A. Beardsley

Editorial Note: The accompanying diary, beginning with that certainty of permanency that opens every diary, stopping abruptly when things grew either too exciting to record, or too uninteresting to write about, was shown me, quite casually one day, by the writer's son, George F. Beardsley of Carmel. The diary, together with part of an unfinished letter by the same hand, contains material of interest and value, and it is with gladness the Pine Cone gives it place in type.

New York, Tuesday, October 16th, 1849:—Left pier No. 2 N. R. at 3 p.m. in the steamer "Empire City" bound for Chagres, and started down the Bay with a head wind. We had four persons on board who had taken the wrong boat, they should have taken the "Ohio" which sailed two hours before us for New Orleans. At six put them on board the pilot boat and sent them back to New York. We had 230 passengers on board, and a finer set of men I have never seen together. At seven had tea, numbers felt a little bad, could not eat, didn't know what ailed them, were certain they should not be seasick, thought they would retire but could not rest, and found out before morning that they were sea sick.

Wednesday, 16th, October.—Lat. by Observation 37.43 N. Longitude by Chronometer 73.35 ~~W.~~ Sandy Hook bearing N½W. last 21 hours run 170 miles, fine weather.

Thursday 18th, Oct.—Lat. 34.34 Long. 72.45 distance run last 24 hours 192 miles Sandy Hook bearing N W 370 miles. Rain and light squalls. The "E.C." is capable of accomodating 500 persons with berths.

Friday 19th, Oct.—At 12 o'clock M. Lat. 31.14 N. Long. 72.35 W. Lat 24 hours run 216 miles. At 10 a.m. saw three bales of cotton afloat.

Sunday 21st, October.—Lat. 24.12 N. Long. 72.30 W. Last 24 hours run 215 miles steering south. At 10 a.m. we were all summoned to the saloon for worship the discourse was delivered extempore by the Rev. Mr. Doan who goes to Oregon as teacher to an institute; he is just from home; his discourse was very unfitted for the occasion and nearly half the audience went to sleep during service. From 10 p.m. until day light we lay to for fear of running on to the shoals during the night.

Monday 22nd, Oct.—At daylight made the island of Mariguana. Very low and sandy with a few scattering trees. At 3 p.m. made the Aneugua very similar in appearance to Mariguana. At 4 p.m. the passengers were called together to hear a lecture on medicine, seasickness, music, etc., which failed. Mr. King entertained the company with an anecdote of the Slough of the Sacramento, with the wants and habits of the gold diggers. The meeting ended with a very animated discourse from Mr. Crane of Virginia on the progress and future prosperity of California, as well as the prospects of the present company and their influence in society both social and political. The subject was handsomely managed which reflected much credit to the speaker.

Oct. 23rd.—At daylight made the east end of the Island of Cuba on our starboard bow and Hayti on the larboard—three sails in sight—weather calm and very warm.

Oct. 24th.—Lat. 15.35 Long. 76.20 W. Last 24 hours ran 221 miles. Mangnilla Point S.S.W. 400 miles.

Thursday 25th, Oct.—At 10 a.m. a meeting of all the passengers was called in the forward saloon to give a vote of thanks for the kind treatment and good conduct of the Captain and Officers of the "Empire City." The cabin passengers were all satisfied and willing to a man to give thanks. The steerage passengers objected; their grounds of complaint were that the steerage cabin was neglected; that it had become dirty and filthy, and not fit for men to live in; that their food was served up in a dirty and slovenly manner and very badly cooked; that their complaints to the officers were treated with scorn and contempt. The meeting was concluded without anything being done and very unsatisfactory, and all parties wished they had minded their own business. At 12 m. Lat. by Obrs. 12.18 Long. by Chr. 78.08. Distance run last 24 hours 221 miles. This being our last night on board, after tea we had songs, toasts and sentiments by a jovial company in the upper saloon.

Friday, Oct. 26th.—Made the land about 30 miles from Chagres at 12 m. came to anchor off the Port. Here we hired a canoe which came along side for $36.00, capable of carrying three persons and their baggage. After dinner we put in our baggage and went on shore. The village of Chagres is situated immediately behind Fort "Lorenzo," at the mouth of the Rio Chagres, on a low swampy piece of ground, and about the muddiest and dirtiest place that I ever saw. The natives are geenrally insolent and disobliging and the greatest liars that I ever knew. You may make a bargain with them and pay them an exorbitant price, and if they think there is a possibility of getting more they will tell you to your face that they never made any such bargain and that they won't do it.

People are generally in such a hurry to get away from the place that they submit to all sorts of impositions without a murmur. At 5 o'clock, all things being ready, we commenced our journey up the river with two negroes to work the canoe. We traveled 12 miles to Gatun and stayed all night. We got a miserable cup of coffee, the only thing we could get, and slept on a mat. We were obliged to keep up a suffocating smoke all night to keep from being devoured by mosquitoes.

Gatun is situated on the west bank of the river in the midst of as fertile a country as the world produces; notwithstanding this, the people are so indolent that they make next to no use of it, living almost entirely on the spontaneous productions of the country. The only thing that they pretend to raise is a little sugar cane and just rice enough to answer their own purpose. This place has about 20 excuses for houses, built of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves and mud floors. The inhabitants are all negroes and very obliging for a dollar.

Saturday 29th, Oct.— Started at 5½ a.m. and traveled about 8 miles to Dos Hermanes, and took breakfast. From this place our Lancharos toiled incessantly until sundown (not stopping even for refreshments). Stopped at Pina Blanco for the night having accomplished half the ascent of the Rio Chagre.

Sunday 28th, Oct.—Started at 5 o'clock a.m. and traveled about 6 miles to Varo Colorado. We had very heavy rains during the night and the river raised to about 10 feet in three or four hours. Here we were obliged to remain half a day until the river went down, not being able to proceed against the current. It was with great difficulty that we could get our men started, but with a great deal of coaxing and some threatening, we at last got them started and got as far as St. Pablo, a most wretched place. We had a very wet night and a great many had to sleep in the rain. I was among the lucky ones and got a place under cover on a dry hide in the dirt and paid 25c for the privilege.

Monday, 29th, Oct.—Started as usual at 5 a.m. Passed Gorgona at noon and arrived at Cruces at 5 p.m. Glad enough to get rid of our hog trough and get on dry land once more. We had lived for the last three days on bread, cheese, cold ham, cold tongue, beans, etc., and it was a welcome sight to see a table spread with knives and forks to eat with, and seats to sit down to it. We took our lodging with Capt. Pelletier, keeper of the French Hotel. This gentleman takes particular pains to inform his guests that his accomodations are very good and the best the country affords, but it requires a tremendous stretch of imagination to believe it. The house is a miserable excuse for one built in the primitive style, bamboo palm leaf roof, mud floor covered with ants and other etcetras equally disgusting. We had for supper beef that would have made good sole leather, beans, dirty rice full of bugs, bread made from musty flour and something which our worthy host called coffee. It would have puzzled any one else to have found a name for it.

The Rio Chagre is one of the most beautifull ittle streams in the world. Here we see the cedar and mahogany in perfection, also the magnolia, many specie of dye woods, the palm and coconut, the wild cane and plantain, the bamboo and a thousand other tropical productions all growing in the most luxurious profusion.

Tuesday 30th, Oct.—After a great deal of humbug we hired mules for twelve dollars each to ride across the Isthmus. Our baggage we left behind to be brought on the next day for which we paid eight dollars per 100 pounds. The road we found much better than we expected from the description we had of it. The road had once been paved but the pavement has been torn up with the exception of a few short places and it very much resembles traveling over loose paving stones with occasionally a mud hole. The road is very narrow and a great part of the way cut down and worn down from ten to twenty feet and just wide enough for a mule to pass through. Many of them are completely arched over with the growth of bamboos, rattan, vines, etc. The road is so much shaded that you suffer nothing from the rays of the sun. There is an abundance of springs and running water on the road.

We mounted our mules at nine a.m. and without adventure or difficulty arrived in Panama at five p.m., making this wonderful journey (of 21 miles), so much talked of and so much dreaded, in the short space of eight hours. We took our lodgings at the U. S. Hotel, found the accomodations very poor, table poorly furnished, rooms dirty and servants unaccomodating.

(Continued next week)

Deed: R. B. Swayne, Inc., to Edward D. Baker, March 22, $10. Lot 7, blk E, Monterey. Beg. 220 ft dist E. from SE cor Franklin and Figueroa Sts on S. line Franklin St. 100x40 ft.

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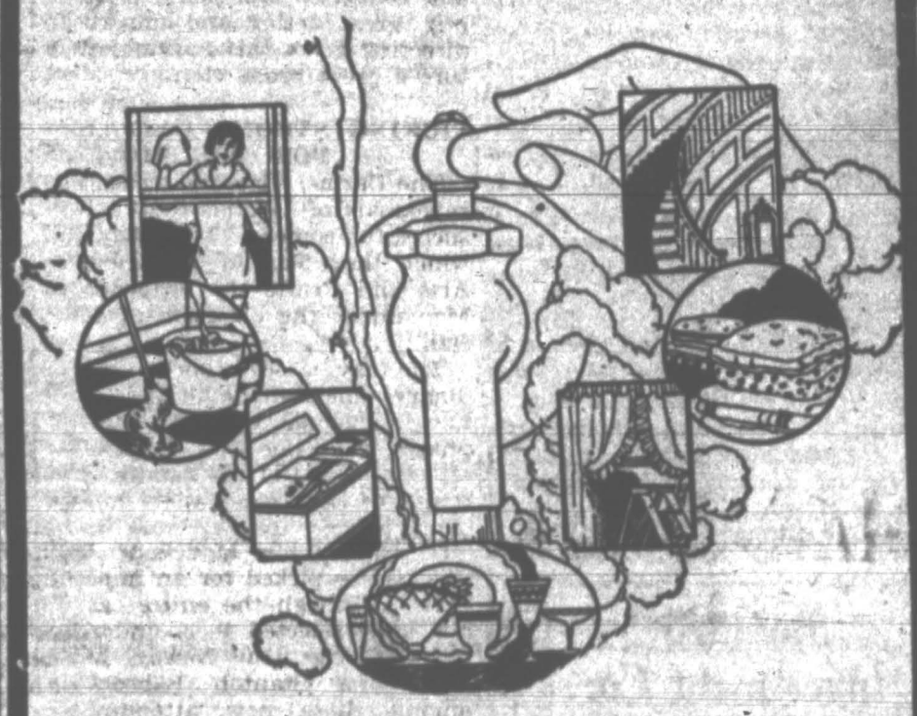

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Them Was the Days

Strictly True, Nearly True, & Otherwise Tales of Carmel

IX.

While the house was still building—and let me say it was still building all the years that I owned it, and many another since—I took time off to assist in the construction of a home for the Spadonis, who had determined to live in Carmel part of the year, at least, so adding a new verse to the town's patriotic song of "Abalone." With their parents were the two girls, Adriana and Faustina, and Adriana had already written a number of short stories that had been well received. Their house, deep in the woods to the north of town, with nothing but trees anywhere around it, was built of the same kind of shakes as mine, split with a frowe in the hands of the poet, Harry Lafler, on his government homestead down the coast beyond the Big Sur, and warranted to leak one drop in every square foot.

Michael Williams had built in the Eighty Acres, and was hammering the typewriter on short stories; Frederick R. Bechdolt was just getting his home—the same that he occupies now—finished, with Bill Overstreet, recently resigned from the Southern Pacific service a Berkeley, breaking his back lugging bundles of shingles to Bech's roof, and laying them to a chalk line. George Sterling was dividing his time between Carmel and Piedmont, writing wonderful verse, and having that strange idiosyncrasy of thinking himself a song writer.

For Sterling, without the first idea of music, practically tone-deaf, and unable to play any instrument, even a jew's harp, got the notion that he was a composer, and would make his friends listen to songs that were obviously hopeless, and sounded worse because of his rendering of them than they were written. He was sending them East to Tin Pan Alley, and was certain that fame greater than any he had won as a poet would come to him as a musician.

Herbert Heron was playwrighting, the Forest Theatre bacilli having bitten deep into his system, and doing an occasional poem that hed decided merit. Mary Austin had built herself a platform high in the crotch of a big pine across the gully on North Lincoln street, had called it with becoming modesty, the Aerie, and was roosting there writing "A Woman of Genius." This tent-house of hers, approached by a long ladder, was next to the Mission San Carlos de Borromeo in interest of the tourist visitors during the several years it flapped and swayed in the wind, finally blowing away in a winter storm.

Maude Lyons built her home that year, and Jean Fenelon, himself an artist, was its artisan. Now he's a millionaire owner of oil wells, I am told. Maude Lyons wrote a good deal in those days, verse and stories. Sinclair Lewis, after half a year here, had gone east. Upton Sinclair, who had come to Carmel after his experiment in socialism, the Helicon Hall colony at Englewood, New Jersey, burned down, had restored health and spirits by a diet of raw vegetables, and gone again into the world to battle with predatory wealth.

Grace MacGowan Cooke, and Alice MacGowan, injured in that same Helicon Hall fire, were working quietly and consistently on short stories and novels that had regular publication in magazines and in book form. Carmel was a real workshop in 1910; through the trees could be heard the click of its typewriters for many hours a day—and night. Coal oil lamps and candles were burned at both ends, metaphorically, though it was no figure of speech that they were burned. There was no electricity here then.

Jack London came down on a visit and got material for his "Valley of the Moon." Ambrose Bierce stayed a time with George Sterling, whom he much admired. That was the last time I ever saw Bierce, who had once sunk a dart of his poisoned wit into my egotism when I was in politics in San Francisco. He had forgotten it, and I didn't recall it to his mind. In fact, except for one picnic at the end of the Point, where Bierce had supper with the bunch, and was monopolized for the rest of the evening by Mike Williams, I saw him hardly at all.

Lowell Hardy, with a "Frosty Ferguson" success, was here, trying to find time between picnics to write another novel. John Fleming Wilson was writing—and telling—fiction. Grant Wallace had a vacation from a newspaper job, and made it last a year or more. Harvey Wickham lived here, and worked in San Francisco, where he was dramatic and musical critic of the Chronicle; Walter Anthony, on the Call, was here part of his time. So it was in an atmosphere of creative industry, with a good deal of shop-talk, that I tapped off at the ends of two fingers, my bread-winning novelettes on my old Underwood.

Monterey Investment Co.
Monterey
FOR SALE
4¾ ACRE TRACT
in
CARMEL VALLEY
5 Miles Out
Price per Acre $500.00
Terms If Desired

WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING
"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"
WATCHES — JEWELRY
CLOCKS — SILVERWARE
CHAS. FRANK
Jeweler
Dolores Street Carmel

THE HARE OPTICAL CO
A Complete Optical Service

HARE OPTICAL CO.
Monterey 317 Alvarado St. Phone 680
Pacific Grove Holman's Phone 622

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES
By Mary Bigland

George Derwart gave a very nice surprise to the school at the Friday assembly by singing three songs and giving a short speech. The songs were: (1) Keep on Hoping; (2) Smilin' Through; (3) Out Where the West Begins. The school appreciated it very much.

Ruth Whittin, a member of the fourth grade, is out with a severe case of measles. We hope she will soon be back.

The seventh and eighth grade boys had an exciting game of baseball during last week, which the eight grade won, 19 to 4.

The school has a new nurse to take care of the measles and mumps. Her name is Mrs. Slater.

Wesley Dow is back in school from a visit to Palm Springs.

James Kenealy entered our first grade from Sacramento. James' father was the contractor for the new Sunset school.

Miss Christmas, the second and third grade teacher is ill with poison oak, and Mrs. Wilson is teaching for her.

Bessie, Hazel, Junior, and Evelyn Minkler moved to Pacific Grove, Monday.

GIRL SCOUT NOTES

Do you know what the sign means on the little brown building at the top of the hill on Eighth street: "Girl Scout Little House"? It means that it is, for the time being, the home of the Girl Scout troops of Carmel. It means that through the generosity of the San Jose Presbytery this house has been loaned to the Scouts. Years ago it served as a chapel, long before there were churches in Carmel. As it has been vacant for some time, it has been loaned until such time as it may be required for other purposes. Here the younger girls hold afternoon meetings, while those of high school age meet at five o'clock and cook their supper as part of their scout activity.

Through the generosity of Mr. M. J. Murphy, it was made possible for the Council to construct an addition to the house, where superfluous furnishings might be stored, and where a kitchenette has been installed.

Mrs. M. E. Tooey, a member of the Council, has donated a sewing machine to the scouts to be used in working for their merit badges in sewing.

Much joy has been added to the Little House through the loan of a piano belonging to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy.

Dd you know that there are fifty girls registered as girl scouts in Carmel?

DIVINE WORSHIP

Sunday morning at Carmel Community church, Rev. I. M. Terwilliger will speak on the theme "Christ the Light and Hope of the World." This is the regular Communion Sunday. Epworth League at 7 p.m. There will be a cabinet meeting at close of the League.

The Cotton Blossom Singers (Colored) from Piney Woods School, Mississippi, will give a concert in the Carmel church Monday evening. They come to Carmel from the Hotel Del Monte where they are singing the previous day. Admission free. Silver offering.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CARMEL P.T.A.

On Wednesday, May fourth, at the Sunset school auditorium, the members of the Carmel P.T.A. will be hostesses to the Monterey County Federation and the teachers of Sunset school.

Each person is asked to bring a box luncheon and coffee will be served by the Carmel P.T.A. at twelve o'clock promptly.

The children of the school will sing under the direction of Miss Norman. An interesting and profitable day is anticipated by all.

TROUT SEASON TO OPEN ON SUNDAY

Local anglers are awaiting with impatience the formal opening of trout season on May 1st, this Sunday.

The big fish are the ones that get hooked first and the nearby streams it is expected, will be dotted with fishermen this Sunday. The streams in this region were well stocked several months ago and the supply should be plentiful, although the trout may be generally small. The big trout are the ones to bite first, according to a local authority, as the little ones stay beneath the rocks a great deal.

Carmel river is the favorite spot of local trout anglers because of its proximity, but many pack in 10 or 12 miles to a point between the north and south forks of the Little Sur River, up in the headwaters, where fishing is unusually good.

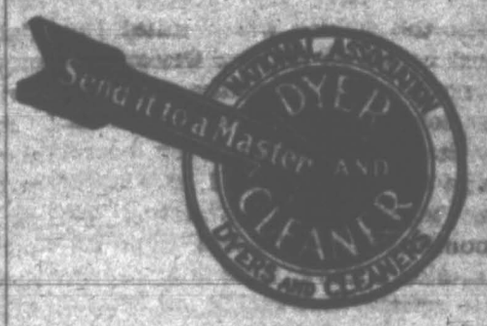
Trout season lasts from May to October in this district. The bag limit for taking and possession is 25 trout, or 10 pounds, and 1 trout, or 1 trout weighing 10 pounds or over per day. The game and fish commission has warned that the bag limit will be strictly enforced, as well as the law requiring a license.

NOTICE

Kay's announces that dinners are not being served. Luncheon and afternoon teas are now being specialized in, as well as the sale of pastries.

Honorable Discharge: John McKinney, Sept. 14, 1892.

White Sewing Machine Agency
All makes sold, bought, rented and repaired.
Special attention given to Hemstitching, cloth covered buttons, decoration of street and evening gowns in rhinestones and spots.
The Hemstitching Shop
437½ Alvarado St., Monterey
Phone 717-M

For
CLEANING and PRESSING
Phone 242


Carmel Cleaning Works
Dolores near Ocean Avenue

HOME FURNISHINGS
We carry the largest and finest stocks of Home things in Monterey County. Our prices are very reasonable and our credit terms are liberal.
Our workmen are skilled and painstaking and our Linoleum and Shade Work is unsurpassed.
For these reasons our clients are always our friends.
CLIMAX FURNITURE CO.
Opposite Hotel San Carlos—Monterey—Phone 80

Sales Sense

EXPERIENCED salesmen know that—measured against results—the incidental expense involved in "covering small towns off the beaten paths" often takes the profit out of a week's work.

The good will and sales value of regular contacts with customers wherever located, however, is generally recognized.

Most effective sales plans now include the regular use of Long Distance with substantial savings in both time and expense.

Even brief delay in travel is frequently turned to profitable account by alert salesmen through the use of Public Telephones —conveniently located everywhere.

Cover more sales territory —by Long Distance

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

WATERFRONT LOT
in Carmel
We have a buyer who will build
Webb Realty Co.
"Friendly Service"
410 Grand Ave., Pacific Grove
Phone 1032

Mrs. Opal McCarty and small son John, of Livermore, are making an indefinite stay with her mother, Mrs. C. E. Norton, at Tenth and Dolores.

Miss Helen Turner entertained Miss Kate Appleton of Monterey for the week end at her home on Fourth and Lincoln.

W. L. Henry of the Henry and Hilbert Service station, motored to San Jose Monday morning to transact business.

Arthur Hilbert and Irwin Henry entertained for the week end, Elliot "Tiny" Marrs of San Jose and Verne "Fat" Sawyer of Oakland.

Eleanor Rohrmundt of the Monterey Union high school spent the Easter vacation with her chum, Mildred Pearson.

Deed: Flora L. Richardson to Florence M. Thatcher, April 11, $10. Lots 10 and 12, blk 93, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Deed: Americo Bonetti to Richard A. Goddard, Sept. 30, 1924, $10. Lot 14, blk 6, Hermanns New Monterey.

Deed: Frank Magee and wife to Fred McCrary, Jan. 19, $10. Pt. lot 7, blk 1, Oak Grove, Monterey. Beg. at NW cor lot 7; run th S. 76.6 ft.; th W. 40 ft.; th N. 86.1 ft.; th E. 41.1 ft to beg.

Deed: Mary L. Born and hus to Katharine De R. Seaman, March 26, $10. Lot 3, blk 47, Monterey Peninsula Country club, Sub No. 1.

Deed: Annie Duarte and husband to Julian Greenwell, April 14, $10. E. 14.2 ft of lot 9 and W. 5.8 ft of 10, blk 113, Los Alametos Tract, Monterey.

NOTICE.

I, Rojelio J. Castro, of the County of Monterey, State of California, the present owner of the land hereinbelow described, do hereby give notice that I will, on the 31st day of May, 1927, apply to the Register of the State Land Office, at Sacramento, California, for a duplicate Certificate of Purchase, No. 2706 issued to David Castro dated October 30, 1896, on Location No. 11732, San Francisco Land District, for Lot 9 of Section 5, T. 20 S., R. 2 E., M.D. M., in the cunty of Monterey, State of California, containing 22.59 acres.

ROJELIO J. CASTRO.

First publication, April 22, 1927.
Last publication, May 20, 1927.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR CHANGE OF NAME SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Monterey.

In the Matter of the Application of Christian Science Society of Carmel, California, a corporation, for a Change of Its Name.

Christian Science Society of Carmel, California, a non-profit corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and Oliver M. Gale, Vivian K. Denny, Minnie Lee Peckham, Jessie Arms Botke and Paul J. Denny, a majority of the Directors thereof, having filed and presented an Application and their Petition that the name of said Christian Science Society of Carmel, California, be changed to First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel, California.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before the Superior Court of Monterey, at the Courtroom thereof in the County Courthouse in the City of Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, on Thursday, the 26th day of May, 1927, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock p.m., or as soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard, to show cause why the application for such change of name should not be granted.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and of this Order be given by publication in CARMEL PINE CONE, a newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in said County of Monterey, State of California, for four successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated this 18th day of April, 1927.

FRED A. TREAT,
Judge of said Superior Court.

First publication, April 22, 1927.
Last publication, May 20, 1927.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at San Francisco, Cal. March 22, 1927.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joe Williams, Jr., of Monterey, California, who, on October 25, 1926, made stockraising homestead entry, No. 016979, for Lots 1-2-3-4-5-6 Sec. 5, Lots 1-2-3 Sec. 6, S½SW¼ Sec. 27, Lots 3-4 Sec. 34, Lots 1-2-7-8-9 Sec. 33 Township 17 S., Range 2 E., MD Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the United States Commissioner, at Monterey, California, on the 11th day of May, 1927.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Stanley W. Ollason, Ora Vasquez, Gus Wolter, Virgil Klauman, all of Monterey, Calif.

EDMUND ROBINSON,
Acting Register.

First publication, April 1, 1927.
Last Publication, May 29, 1927.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Phone Carmel 2

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line Minimum charge 30 cents.

Single Insertion, 10c per line.

One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line.

One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line.

(No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

All transient ads must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished.

All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

MISCELLANEOUS

EMPLOYMENT Agency & Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby, Carmel Service Bureau. Monte Verde, bet. Ocean and 7th, east side. Phone 665-W.

WINDOW SHADES, Cabinet Work, General Jobbing, Furniture, Repairs. W. A. Beckett, 5th Ave., near San Carlos. Box 931, Carmel.

YOUR OLD GOWNS remodeled and alterations expertly made at the Myra B. Shop, opposite the post office. Phone 66-J, Carmel.

STUDIO OF VOICE CULTURE—Marchese method. Phone Monterey 1593.

A NEW SHIPMENT of East India Druggetts. Also Navajo rugs at most reasonable prices. At the Myra B. Shop.

WINDOW SHADES, CARPENTER WORK, REPAIRS, FURNITURE. W. A. Beckett, 5th Ave., near San Carlos. Box 931, Carmel.

HELP WANTED

HANDY MAN does gardening, trimming and curing trees, build rock or brick walls, patios, carpentering, painting. Wants WORK. Reasonable rates. Box 632.

Deed: Russell W. Giles & wf to Franklin Varien, Mar. 22, $10. Same as above deed.

Deed: Fred Botsch to R. C. Wright, April 12, $10. Lot 12, blk. 3, 1st Add Pacific Grove.

Deed: Blanche M. Ayles to Amory T. Skerry Jr. and Clara D Skerry, joint tenants, April 4, $10. Por blk 83, Add No. 5, Carmel. Beg. on E. line Guadalupe Ave., 100 ft. S. of NW cor blk 83; th E. 100 ft.; th S. 200 ft.; th W. 100 ft.; th N. 200 ft. to beg.

Deed: Harrison W. Askew and wife to Talbert Josselyn and Winsor Josselyn, jt tenants, April 8, $10. W. 80 ft of S. 39 ft of lot 18 and W. 80 ft of lot 20, blk 50, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Carmel House & Lot Co.

Parkes Building near Post Office
"BEST BUYS"

TWO LOTS in woods, $1000. $500 down, balance terms.
E LOT, close in, $1200.
WONDERFUL scenic lot with good house and garage, view of ocean and mountains $10,750. Terms.
ONE LOT with good frame house, well planned and well built. A bargain at $4,250. Terms.
TWO LOTS — 40x100 each, near highway. $750 cash.
BEAUTIFUL BUILDING site, 80x100. Close Ocean avenue. Only $1,600.
MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR SUMMER RENTALS NOW.
FOR YOUR BUILDING — SEE PERCY PARKS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Agnes B. Shand
Public Stenography
Manuscripts
Arthur T. Shand's Office
Phone 182
Ocean Avenue Carmel

MARION B. McAULAY, M.D.
Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children
OFFICE
First National Bank Building
Monterey
Hours—11-12 a.m., 1-4 p.m.
Phone 1592 Monterey
Res. Forest Hill Hotel — Phone 860

Thomas Vincent Cator
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio—4th & Lopez

DR. C. E. BALZARINI—Dentist. Rooms 1 and 2, Goldstine Building, Monterey, California. Phone 134

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Charles H. Lowell, M. D. Office Seventh and Dolores; Res. San Antonio St. and Eleventh Ave., Carmel-by-the-Sea. 11 to 12, 2 to 4 Office phone 28; Res. phone 342.

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Naturopathic Physician and Chiropractor. Ultra Violet Ray Quartzlight. Registered lady nurse in attendance. Office hours: 9 to 11 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. Mon., Wed.; Sat. eve., 7:30 to 9. Phone 105. Saturdays and Sundays by appointment only. Office and residence, Dolores apts., Dolores st., beside P. O. Telephone Carmel 105.

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER—Osteopath, successor to Dr. Myrtle C. Gray, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

Florence A. Belknap, M.D.
South Carmelo
near Ocean Ave
Carmel

HOGLE & MAWDSLEY
Realtors and Subdividers

Court of the Golden Bough

10 LOTS ON THE POINT. Best buy in this neighborhood. Good views.
TWO BEAUTIFUL WOODED LOTS on paved street. $1200. Terms.
TWO 80x100. Close in. Good view. $1500.00.
80x100. Four blocks from water. $3200.00.
NEW STUCCO HOME on lot 62-feet frontage. Within two blocks from beach. Very good buy at $7,200.00. Terms.
BEST HOTEL SITE IN CARMEL. Corner 200x100 on paved street. Close in. An excellent buy. Terms can be arranged.
A CLOSE-IN BUSINESS LOT ON DOLORES. Paved street, sidewalk and sewer. $4000.00.
WATERFRONT ACREAGE HOMESITES. Low prices. Easiest terms. At Deven Heights. Coast and country views. Roads, water, electricity and beach rights. Rich soil. Residential. Resales taking place and prices going up.
LAURELES OUTING CLUB, Carmel Valley. Cabin sites. $300.00 up.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Pinehaven, Eighth and Monte Verde, all newly decorated. Living room, studio or dining room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, garage. See owner, G. J. Seideneck, on premises or Eighth and Junipero, or agents.

FOR RENT — In Berkeley, from June 1 to Aug. 1, completely furnished house on Piedmont ave., bet. Dwight and Parker. 8 good rooms and 2 baths, one a shower. Furnace and garage and hardwood floors down stairs. Toilet downstairs, fireplace, and separate gas heat in 2 bedrooms and dining room. Enclosed back garden and within 2 or 3 blocks of every convenience and the college. $150 a month. Address 2536 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Four acres, studio, and garage, at Carmel Highlands. Priced below unimproved property adjoining. This is a great bargain. See J. K. Turner, Carmel Land Company. Phone 18.

BARGAIN — New Carmel home, beautifully situated among the pines with wonderful view of hills and valley. Corner lot 90x100. Must be seen to be appreciated. Open for inspection, 12th and Junipero, Carmel.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—In Carmel Mission, a gentleman's scarf pin. Owner communicate with P. O. Box 472, Carmel.

CHURCH NOTICES

CARMEL CHURCH
An authoritative vital message and Public Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday.
Sunday School, 10 a.m.
I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Strangers cordially welcomed

ALL SAINTS CHAPEL
(Episcopal)
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL
North Monte Verde Street
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p. m. Friday, 7 to 9 p. m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY
Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m.
Closed Sundays and holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE
Fountain and Central Aves.
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m.
Closed holidays.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall
THE HIGHER THOUGHT
Sunday, May 1
Subject: "What is Your Working Capital?"
Telephone 23-W
Dolores St., bet. Eighth and Ninth

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—The home of George E. Stone at Carmel Highlands. One acre of sea coast, wooded, large house of reinforced concrete. Every convenience, garages, terraced gardens, etc. A magnificent property. See owner on premises, or write George E. Stone, Carmel or any agent.

FOR SALE—Steinway Grand piano. Beautiful tone. R. M. Hollingsworth, Hatton Fields, phone 335M.

WANTED—Hear from owner good ranch for sale. Cash price, particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE MOST beautiful line of Lilyming Oriental wearing apparel ever shown at the Myra B. Shop.

FOR SALE—One Royal Vacuum Cleaner with all attachments. Practically new and in perfect condition. Cheap. P.O. Drawer G.

FOR SALE—Fine corner pair of lots, in eighty acres, offered very cheap, for cash. Carmel Investment Company.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAM

(Continued from Page 1)

dinner for the couple at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Torres at their home on second and San Carlos, the bride and groom received many gifts for their home which will be in San Francisco. After dancing, the crowd left feeling as if the inner man was satisfied for a month.

Now who should be sporting a new Auburn Beauty Six, thinks I, when I was walking down Ocean Avenue one morning on my way to the Carmelita Shop, and spotted the bright and shining machine with not even a finger mark or a grain of dust on it yet, parked in front of the Del Monte Properties office. I didn't have time to stay around until the owner appeared upon the scene, but, when I came back, luck was with me, for I was just in time to see Kit Cooke step into the handsome vehicle and drive towards Witney's as if she knew her stuff.

Well, what do you think of this? From driving the Skerry's around to milking cows. My, what is this world coming to, you never can even think what will happen, let alone know it.

Bright and early on the first day of June, Bob Erickson will be stationed at the McDonald dairy, saying "Twelve cents a quart with your bottle and twenty-four cents without a bottle, would really pay you to buy several dozens of bottles." He sure will get the business, I heard he took a course of salesmanship in college.

It was rummored that the Goolds were going to do the taking care of the cows, but we are glad it was the other way I think Irene will look rather nice in a white apron selling milk.

We do not know what the McDonalds are going to do, but hope they stay right in Carmel, we all like them.

But what I can't understand, is how it was kept so quite, the deal was closed April the ninth.

There has been a lot of unusual things happening this week, but wait until you hear this.

As I was passing the Morse home in the Hatton Fields, Saturday morning I notice Herbert John Morse washing windows, but, as I found out later he was training for the Indoor Championship of the Window Cleaning League. Mr. Morse feels this is a much better proposition than dodging Chinese bullets. Since he has been in training and working so hard, his department at Stanifords Drug Store which, consists of the chewing gum, cigarettes and magazines, has been frightfully neglected, and, Mr. Staniford feels if this continues he will be forced to cut his enumerous salary to an ordinary working mans pay check.

Who says Carmel is not improving, you just ought to see what G. W. Whitcomb is doing. I don't suspose you can see all the wonderful things that are springing up over night, so I will tell you just a few things and leave the rest for the next issue.

On eight and ninth and Mission the Ben Wetzel property looks like an little old fashioned court. Whitcomb and Bane have just finished three cotages with the vegetable and flower gardens with a restful little tea table and chairs under the oaks.

The Noller home on fourth and Dolores is being remodled and repainted and will be a wonderful asset to Carmel.

A new home will be constructed on ninth and casanova for Dorthoy Nelden of Oakland.

Will tell you more next week, just wait untill you read the rest of it.

While standing at the window today, (which is not part of my work I will admit), I noticed a well dressed and well groomed man walking towards the post office, thinking it was some one I knew I rush out of the office and across the street and very near knocked the man off of his feet, when to my astonishment it was a total stranger to me, after giving him my apologies and turning to go back to work, I came face to face with John Y. Arnot, of Oakland who is down here for a few days, I did not stop to ask if the rest of the family was down.

When passing by Stella's this morning, from my daily rounds to the news stands, I noticed a great confusion in front of the store, tables and boxes were being carried out, and put into Wermuth's moving van. My curiosity got the best of me, so, going to door thinking I would go in and look, when Stella met me with another table, and not even noticing who she was shoving out of the way, dashed out to the moving van. I made another attempt only to be shoved again by the clerk, finally when I had given up all hope of satisfying my curiosity I was given a shove from the rear, by Stella again and by that way entering the store very gracefully. Then after all my efforts, I only saw they were moving the old tables and putting new glass cases in. I think I lost six pounds that morning.

Many people will remember the Piney Woods School girls that sang at the Arts and Crafts two years ago and will be glad to hear that boys of the same school will be here Monday, May 2nd at the Carmel Church, no admission but a free offering will be taken for the benefit of the Piney Woods School.

BOY SCOUT NEWS

More progress is being made every meeting, at the Carmel Boy Scout shack Monday nights. The Tenderfeet who officially joined last meeting have been making fine progress. The Tenderfoot test consists of tying the following knots: bowline, an unslippable noose, square knot, the best simple joining knot, timber hitch, clove hitch, slip-knot, weavers' knot, fisherman's knot, and blackwall hitch. They must also know the history of the flag, and the significance of the Scout Badge. The Tenderfeet who passed these tests last meeting were Carlyle Lewis and Alfred Durney. The other fellows also have hit their stride, and will all have the requirements by next meeting.

In the business meeting Mr. Normand named the Captains of the different events at the next rally. They are as follows: Signalling, Scott Douglas; First aid, Scott Douglas; Semaphore, Bain Reamer; Tent pitching, Bain Reamer; Fire-building contest, Hershal McPhillips; Flapjack race, John Rockwell; Wall scaling, Eugene Roehling; Pony express, Martin Leidig; Fire-by-friction, Alex Spoehr, and Knot tying, Billy Argo. At the last meet, the want of practice showed disastrous effects on the boys from Carmel but this time they are working hard and are determined to come out on top.

In the inter-troop point contest, now on, the team which gets the most points will be rewarded a fine plaque, and for the second prize will be a pennant with such lettering as may be desired. Carmel is now running second in the rally with no close competitors for that place. Our new Tenderfeet, coupled with two second, and two first class scouts ought to put us quite a ways up ahead.

After the business meeting, the Scouts practiced signalling, and lost many pounds toiling unsuccessfully for fire at the fire by friction outfit, and put on bandages taught them by Doctor Davidson.

At about five minutes to nine Mr. Norman called us together, and announced that we would probably go for a swim at Del Monte, next Saturday. Next, we all gave the Scout oath as a closing ceremony, and left for home.

BILLY ARGO.

Deed: Minnie A. Donelson et al to Ray M. Kroliffer, Aug. 29, 1924, $100. Lots 1 to 10, blk. 7, Johnson's Add Monterey.

Deed: Charles M. Carter and wife to E. E. Wolcott, April 13, $10. Lot 1, blk 269, Pacific Grove Beach.

Deed: Del Monte Prop Co. to E. E. Wolcott, April 11, $10. Lot 7, blk 269, Pacific Grove Beach.

Artists Are Injured As Auto Overturns

Two persons were slightly injured last week Thursday when an automobile driven by R. Clarkson Colman, Carmel artist, smashed into a telephone pole and overturned near the intersection of Cass and Munras streets.

Bonnie Lee and Dan Cooper, both of Carmel, passengers in Colman's machine were both severely shaken up and bruised in the crash.

The accident occurred as Colman was proceeding toward Carmel. A second machine, driven by A. Otey, Monterey, was coming toward Monterey and when Otey turned off into Cass street Colman swung his machine into the pole to avoid striking Otey's car.

Colman's machine is believed by investigating officers to have been traveling at a high rate of speed. Rubber burned from the tires of the artist's car shows on the surface of the roadway for 100 feet, supporting this contention.

Colman declares the accident resulted from Otey's failure to signal his intention to turn, but this Otey and his wife, who was riding with him, stoutly deny.

HOLLINGSWORTH DIVORCED

Mrs. Clara Hollingsworth, Carmel, was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Dr. Robert Hollingsworth, also of Carmel, in superior court, Salinas this week on grounds of mental cruelty. John Thompson, Monterey attorney, represented Mrs. Hollingsworth.

Deed: Catherine Euzabeth Orkney to Elsie Hammond, April 20. Love and affin., lot 12, blk 2, University Add Pacific Grove.

GOLDEN STATE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

SATURDAY

Wallace Beery
Raymond Hatton
—In—
"WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW"

By Popular Demand We Are Showing This Picture for the Second Time

SUNDAY

LAURA LA PLANTE
—In—
"The Love Thrill"

"QUEER DUCKS"
Comedy

News & Scenic
—also—
Vaudeville

MONDAY
TUESDAY

Adolphe Menjou
Ricardo Cortez
Carol Dempster
Lya de Putti
—In—
"Sorrows of Satan"

Adolphe Menjou as Satan
The outstanding picture of 1927

—also—

Comedy - Topics - News

Wednesday

PAULINE STARK
OWEN MOORE
—In—
"Women Love Diamonds"

—also—

COMEDY & REVIEW

Thursday - Friday

JACK HOLT
—In—
Zane Grey's
"The Mysterious Rider"

Another Super-Thriller featuring the screen's greatest western star.

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